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THE SONG OF THE GOLDEN HELEN.

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that have her prey,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The land of dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the bonds be wrung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

—The World's Desire.

MRS. WILVERTON'S BALL.

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and tapped her foot impatiently as she worked. Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and frowned darkly. It was evident there was a storm brewing in the domestic atmosphere. Indeed, the first faint drops of the coming shower were already pattering down on the dainty dress Mrs. Alison was embroidering for her beloved baby.

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why can't you be sensible and look at the matter in a sensible way? It ought not to be so hard for you to yield to my wishes, when I have good reasons for asking you to do it besides."

"I don't know what you call good reasons," sobbed Maud Alison. "You don't know the Wilvertons that you should wish me to give up attending their ball—such a magnificent affair as it's going to be, too."

"That's the chief of my reasons—because I don't know anything about the family—neither for nor against them. But the man's face is enough to condemn him. I wouldn't trust him an inch out of my sight."

"You're as unjust as you can be," cried Mrs. Alison indignantly, "to say such unjust things about a stranger of whom you know nothing. I do believe you are jealous of him because he was so attentive to me at Mrs. Fitzgerald's party."

Mr. Alison whistled.

"Jealous! I should hope I wasn't quite such a fool. But I do think you are altogether too careless in taking up with people so rashly. You haven't known the family a month, and yet Mrs. Wilverton is as much at home here as if the house belonged to her. I don't like it, and I expressly desire that you will see as little of either her or her husband as is possible until something more is known of both of them. Especially do I wish you to decline their invitation to this ball. I don't want my wife known as the chosen friend of a pair of adventurers."

And having delivered this decision Mr. Alison walked out of the room.

The coat his pretty wife was busily mangling as well as it might he had said. Anger had dried the tears upon her cheeks as she muttered: "Adventurers, indeed; as if that were possible! I am sure that Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as elegant and refined as any people of our acquaintance, and everybody says the ball will be magnificent, and everybody is going, too, and—and—so am I. I will not be deprived of every little pleasure I chance to care for because Fred chooses to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall go to the ball in spite of him; so, there!"

And the little foot came down with emphasis upon the soft carpet beneath it.

Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison so nearly quarreled this bright morning in early December. The Wilvertons had issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the town had responded favorably. Could Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend to, at all events.

Yet it was with rather a failing heart that she penned her acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation for the great event. She had never yet in their pleasant married life acted so willfully in opposition to her husband's wishes. But this time she felt herself in part excusable.

"If he had asked me not to go," she said, half penitently, "I might have thought better of it, but I won't be commanded. I didn't marry to become my husband's slave, and I'll go to this ball if only to show him that I can think for myself and shall act as I choose, whether he objects or not."

You see, the little lady was fast working herself up to a very high pitch of virtuous indignation, and she was scarcely disposed to pay any attention to the faint monitions of conscience, especially when it dared to whisper that she was wrong.

The night of the ball came around at last, as all things do when patiently waited for. At breakfast that day Mrs. Alison had announced to her husband her intention of attending the ball.

"You are not in earnest?" he said.

"Indeed, I am," was the defiant reply. "My preparations are all completed, and Mrs. Leighton has offered me a seat in her carriage in case you persist in not escorting me yourself."

"I certainly shall not go," her husband answered firmly. "And I cannot believe my little wife will go without me," he added pleasantly. "Give me a kiss, puss, and when I come home this evening I trust you will have put all this nonsense out of your head. By, by!"

But his wife would not look at him when he kissed her, and stamped her foot angrily as the door closed behind him and she heard his careless whistle as he ran down the steps.

"I'm not a baby," she said to herself, "and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him."

And he did come to a realizing sense of the fact when he came to dinner that evening. Running lightly upstairs to their room, the first sight that met his amazed eyes was his pretty wife in full festive robes.

"Well, dear," she said with a slight affectation of unconsciousness that she was vexing him in the least, "you see I have decided to go, after all. How do you like my dress? I dressed early on purpose for you to see it."

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she spoke, with hands uplifted.

"Maud," he said in a vexed way, "what does this mean?"

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she answered lightly. "It is the Wilvertons' ball, you know. I told you this morning Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me and bring me home again. Don't you remember?"

"I remember something you seem to have forgotten," was the cold reply; "that is that I did not and do not want you to go to this ball. Those Wilvertons are not fit people for you to associate with; of that I am certain. The town is full of rumors against them, and I predict that you will find but few decent people there to-night."

"What nonsense you are talking!" she said, genuinely surprised now. "Why, I know there are plenty of the best people going. I have scarcely met one who has declined the invitation."

"That may be," was the quiet reply, "but many men who have heard as much and more than I have will change their minds to-night, and keep themselves and their families away. Those who do go will be sorry for it, I am very sure."

"What terrible things have you heard, I should like to know?" she asked, half convinced.

"Only rumors, I own," he answered, "but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire. I"——

Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blazing eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need say no more. I do not believe one word of it at all, and I shall go. That is decided."

"But, Maud"——

"I don't wish to hear any more. I am going."

And she went—went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her—went with a smiling face and an angry, rebellious heart.

The Wilvertons greeted her with effusion. But there were very few of her set present, and the reception seemed a different one from what she had been accustomed to. There were a number of strangers present, ladies and gentlemen. The former did not impress her favorably, and the latter seemed rather demonstrative in their devotions to the fairer sex. Mr. Wilverton made her uncomfortable, moreover, with his persistent attentions, and altogether she was not sorry when Mrs. Leighton proposed returning home. They went early, and most of their particular set followed in their wake—those, at least, who had not gone before.

Very little conversation passed between Mr. and Mrs. Alison that night—very little for some days thereafter. He considered himself justly aggrieved, and was indignant accordingly. She felt herself in the wrong, was too proud to own it, and was miserable in consequence.

Meanwhile the whispers against the Wilvertons increased in number and importance. It began to be generally conceded that there was something wrong about them: and people who had taken them up on trust were gradually dropping their acquaintance. Mrs. Alison, however, prided herself on being no summer friend, and her intimacy with the Wilvertons seemed in no wise diminished; seemed, I say, for she was growing to dislike them both, as she saw more and more of them. Mrs. Wilverton's dashing ways seemed coarse now, and no words could tell how she was growing to loathe the man who grew more bold and outspoken in his admiration of her each day.

But the end was very near.

Mr. Alison came up to dinner one evening in a half subdued tremor of excitement.

"Maud, dear, I have news for you," he said, striving to speak calmly, but failing signally in the attempt.

Mrs. Alison looked up a little surprised at the "dear" which had fallen from his lips but rarely since that unfortunate ball, but, truth to tell, rather glad to hear it again.

"What is it?"

"It's about the Wilvertons. You see," he went on hurriedly, "there's been, as you know, a great deal of talk about them lately—more, perhaps, than you are aware of—and people haven't scrupled to call them adventurers, if not swindlers. It seems that they are even worse than that."

"What?" cried Mrs. Alison sharply.

"Criminals! At least the man is. He was arrested this morning by a detective from London, who has been on his track for some time. His very boldness in coming here and launching out in the style he has, under an assumed name, and with all the appearance of great wealth, had thrown the police off the scent for a little while, but they have got him now, and he's safe for a twenty years' term at Portland island, at least."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Alison.

"Perhaps you will recognize his real name—it is Willis"——

"The notorious bank robber?"

"The same."

Mrs. Alison did not speak for many minutes. Then she remembered that she had been, or had tried to be, a friend to Mrs. Wilverton. She could not desert her now that so terrible a sorrow had fallen upon her.

"Will you ring the bell for Lucy?" she said to her husband very quietly. "I want my bonnet and shawl. I am going to see Mrs. Wilverton. She ought not to be left to bear this trouble alone, and I know of no one who will go to her now."

Mr. Alison stared, amazed. Even he had never realized half the real nobility that despite her faults was inherent in his wife's nature. She had risen now, and was standing very pale and still by the table. He went to her and put his arms around her and drew her head down to his breast.

"My noble Maud," was all he said.

She clung to him sobbing.

"Oh, Fred, you do forgive me for treating you so badly the other night?" she pleaded. "I'm so sorry now."

"I need forgiveness, too, darling, for having been sullen," he answered earnestly, "and we will both forget and forgive. Shall it not be so?"

She lifted her face and kissed him softly.

"And poor Mrs. Wilverton, Fred! Will you not go with me to see her? I do not like her really, though I have tried to, but I cannot leave her to bear this alone."

Mr. Alison held his wife in a close clasp.

"I had not told you all, dear," he said. "There is no Mrs. Wilverton, or Willis, as her name would be if she had any right to bear the name of the man she has lived with all these months, and who, if reports say true, ruined himself and committed the robbery to gratify her extravagant demands."

"Fred!" and Mrs. Alison's face grew very pale, "you don't mean that she"——

"Was not his wife," he answered sternly.

It was a severe lesson, not only to Mrs. Alison, but to the people of Bolton who had admitted these persons into their society without question, simply because of the lavish display of wealth they made, and it is safe to say a thoroughly effectual one.

Moreover, there are few differences of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Alison nowadays. She is more willing to take his opinion of people as a correct one, and he has learned his wife's heart too well not to trust her motives always, if he sometimes doubts her judgment.—New York World.

Cancer Mortality Among the Jews.

An English paper states that one of the lecturers at Owens college, Manchester, has put forward the assertions (1) "that no Jew or Jewess has ever been known to suffer from cancer," and (2) that "the immunity of the Hebrew race from this frightful scourge was attributed to their abstinence from swine's flesh."

Tables of the density of the atmosphere calculated from telegraphic weather reports have been found to give a better clew to the movements and origin of cyclones than the usual method of a comparison of the isobars and isothermes alone.

Peter's pence have rather declined of late. So far they have yielded 13,000,000 francs a year. The pope has already accumulated a considerable sum of money, which he has well invested, destined for a reserve fund for the church.

The effect of the electric light current on the compasses of some vessels is so great that it becomes necessary to determine how many hours the dynamo has been running before working out the vessel's reckoning.

The American Olive.

The growth of the olive is to be, it seems to me, one of the leading and most permanent industries of southern California. It will give us, what it is nearly impossible to buy now, pure olive oil, in place of the cottonseed and lard mixture in general use. It is a most wholesome and palatable article of food. Those whose chief experience of the olive is the large, coarse and not agreeable Spanish variety, used only as an appetizer, know little of the value of the best varieties as food, nutritious as meat, and always delicious. Good bread and a dish of pickled olives make an excellent meal. The sort known as the Mission olive, planted by the Franciscans a century ago, is generally grown now, and the best fruit is from the older trees.

The most successful attempts in cultivating the olive and putting it on the market have been made by Mr. F. A. Kimball and Mr. Ellwood Cooper. The experiments have gone far enough to show that the industry is very remunerative. The best olive oil I have ever tasted anywhere is that produced from the Cooper and Kimball orchards; but not enough is produced to supply the local demand. Mr. Cooper has written a careful treatise on olive culture, which will be of great service to all growers. The art of pickling is not yet mastered, and perhaps some other variety will be preferred to the Old Mission for the table.

A mature olive grove in good bearing is a fortune. I feel sure that within twenty-five years this will be one of the most profitable industries in California, and that the demand for pure oil and edible fruit in the United States will drive out the adulterated and inferior present commercial products. But California can easily ruin its reputation by adopting the European systems of adulteration.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Cattle in America.

The first cattle that were brought into the American colonies were landed at the James river plantation, in Virginia, in the year 1607. They came from the West Indies, and were descendants of cattle taken to those islands by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. In 1610 several cows were landed, and in 1611 about 100 head more were brought to the plantation. This was the origin of the cattle business in America. In order to encourage the cattle industry to the fullest possible extent an order was passed forbidding the slaughter of any animal of the kind under penalty of death. Under this restriction the number of cattle increased to 30,000 in Virginia alone by the end of the year 1639.

The first cattle brought to New England arrived at Plymouth in 1624. They were imported from England by Governor Winslow. Three heifers and a bull made up the party. In color, the old record says, they were black, black and white and brindle. In 1626 twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann; in 1629, thirty more. In 1630 about 100 were imported for the colony of Massachusetts Bay. During the years last above mentioned, 103 cattle had been sent from Texel, Holland, into New York, so that by the year 1630 there were a good many head of horned cattle in the colonies.

From 1631 to 1633 a large number of cattle for those times was brought into New Hampshire from Denmark. These were large, yellow cattle. Taking all of these cattle together, they were the foundation from which all the common native cattle of our country have descended.—St. Louis Republic.

One Way of Making a Living.

There seems to be no limit to the variety of ways in which a dollar can be earned by a sharp witted man. I know one who makes a comfortable living by attending auction sales of furniture. He is not in collusion with the auctioneer; in fact he will only attend such sales as are genuine and peremptory, where every article is sold for the highest figure bid, no matter how low that may be. My friend simply trades on the weakness of human nature, especially of the feminine variety. Many women attend these sales, and are really desirous of securing certain articles, but shrink from the publicity of trying to outbid some other would-be purchaser.

They prefer to give two or three dollars advance on the price paid by the successful bidder. This man secures all he can of the best bargains offered, and then disposes of them at a small advance upon his outlay to one or other of the disappointed bidders. It is not unusual for him to clear from ten to twenty dollars a day. There is no loss, for even if the articles are left on his hands he gets his money back by sending them to a general auction room.—New York Telegram.

Mr. Parnell as a Playwright.

Mr. Parnell is known to a good many Australians in a character in which he has never figured on the northern side of the equator—that of dramatic author. For more than five years a play, entitled "Shamrock Green. By Charles Stewart Parnell, Esq., M. P." has enjoyed prodigious favor among provincial audiences in the colonies. The lucky exclusive proprietor of this piece boasts of having already netted £5,000 by it.

Its proprietor—an Irishman, by the way—has never yet ventured to produce it in Melbourne or Sydney, doubtless from a shrewd suspicion that the dramatic critics of these capitals would want to know something more about its history and antecedents than the bald announcement on the play bills that "Mr. Parnell wrote this play when a young man at college."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Where Christmas Trees Come From.

About fifteen men handle the whole Christmas tree trade in this town. Most of the trees come from the Adirondacks, Catskills, the banks of the Hudson and from Maine. You may imagine how the air is laden with their pungent fragrance along the line of piers where they are kept for sale. The balsam fir is the favorite. It is the most trimly shaped and most aromatic. The trees look like closed umbrellas, with their boughs tightly strapped to their trunks to secure them from breakage. The wholesale price is about ninety cents a bundle.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Press.

Couldn't Be Worse.

"I have here," remarked the long haired man as he laid a bundle of manuscript upon the editor's desk, "two poems. Which is the better?"

With a weary sigh the editor glanced over the first he came to, then laid it down.

"The other's the better," said he, resuming his interrupted labors.—Kate Field's Washington.

When Starching Was First Taught.

Starching was first introduced into England in 1564 by Mistress Dingham van den Plasse, who came from Flanders. She taught starching publicly, and charged four or five pounds for teaching her profession, and an additional pound for teaching how to make the starch.—Cloak and Suit Review.

The Festival of Fools.

The "festival of fools" was a feature of each new year with the Parisians. It began on the 1st of January and continued for some days, during which all sorts of absurdities and indecencies were licensed. This feast was not celebrated after the latter part of the Thirteenth century. Fools or licensed jesters were kept at court up to the time of Charles I, 1625, but the ancient feast was never revived by the people.—Detroit Free Press.

TRIALS OF A PREACHER.

Incidents in the Life of a Methodist Minister at a Poor Appointment.

One of the clergymen in the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church told this story about himself:

"When I was the pastor of a small church in Delaware county, this state, I had a hard time in trying to keep soul and body together. My labors were arduous and the salary only $400 a year, and if we had not received various donations of provisions from parishioners almost equally as poor as ourselves, we would in all probability have starved to death.

"It was what is known as a 'backwoods appointment,' being eighteen miles from a railroad and located in a valley created by thickly wooded hills. To give you an idea of our reduced circumstances, I am compelled to say that there was but one white shirt in the house, and that was shared in common by my eldest son and myself. When he wore it I went into the pulpit without one, and made up for the deficiency the best I could.

"One Sunday we had the presiding elder of the district with us. He had come the previous night. Early in the morning he was disturbed by this shrill question from my son:

"'Father, father, who wears the shirt to-day—you or me?'

"Well, I was in doubt who was entitled to incase himself in that useful garment on that occasion, but in a spirit of self sacrifice I shouted from the confines of my room, 'I think it's your turn, my boy.'

"I thought no more about the matter until after breakfast and family prayers were over. Then the elder took me aside and asked if there was only one white shirt in the house. Of course it was an embarrassing question, and I tried to evade making a reply, but he was persistent and I finally was forced to admit the truth. Tears welled up in the elder's eyes, and he offered to part with some of his meager hoard of money, but I assured him that I did not need it, and as I refused absolutely to accept a cent he did not press the matter further.

"Still, although the elder was a kind hearted man and receiving but little more salary than myself, yet he loved to indulge in practical jokes. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to dine with us, and my wife, who always seemed to stand in awe of the big, dignified elder, made an extra effort to prepare a tempting repast. Oysters were scarce and very high in that section, and consequently a luxury, but my wife concluded that for once we should have oysters.

"Well, thanks to recent wedding fees, she was able to buy them. Then she exercised all her ingenuity to place them on the table in every conceivable form that would please the eye and gratify the taste.

"Well, when we sat down to the table we saw oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters roasted, and oysters on the shell. It was literally a wilderness of oysters.

"Outside of oysters there was, in fact, but little to eat except bread, butter, apple sauce and, I believe, some sage cheese. Still the little woman sat with a beaming countenance, eagerly anticipating the elder's delight at the unexpected treat.

"After a blessing had been invoked I, as a matter of form, turned to our guest and inquired:

"'Elder, will you permit me to help you to some of the oysters?'

"The elder's face assumed a severe expression as he slowly and deliberately replied:

"'Well, dominie, I hate to say it, but the truth of the matter is I very seldom eat them.'

"I glanced at my wife. Her face was almost a crimson hue and tears were starting from her eyes. I think I felt just a trifle savage, but I betrayed no sign.

"After a few seconds of the most painful embarrassment I ever experienced the elder broke the silence by saying with an ruffled deliberation:

"'You see, dominie, I very seldom eat oysters, because I very seldom get them,' and he burst into a tremendous roar of laughter that almost made the dishes rattle.

"Of course he did ample justice to the dinner, which at the best was frugal enough, but I don't think that my wife ever quite forgave him for those painful moments of suspense."—New York Herald.

Not a Pupil, but a Master.

Despite "a nipping and an eager air," that reddened the noses and moistened the eyes of the loungers in City Hall park that afternoon, the bright sunshine and green grass had a singularly summer like appearance, and when a well grown, wheezy, green frog hopped from the foot of a tree into the full glare of public observation, a farmer's boy, "doing" the city for a day, would not have considered him greatly out of place; but to the army of bootblacks, many of whom had never seen a frog before, he was a curiosity of the first water.

Some of them said he was a legged snake, and others, who had read mythological literature with more zeal than discretion, were inclined to think that he was a very young dragon. A sparrow policeman protested that he was only a frog, and taking him in his gloved hand, he announced his intention of dropping him into the full basin of the fountain behind the postoffice.

"He's a-going to drown him!" yelled a boy, and exclamations of pity and dismay were heard on all sides.

The policeman was inexorable, and the frog was plunged into the water. Merrily he swam around with the fine old fashioned breast stroke and strong rear kick of his kind, while the crowd of boys looked at him in stupefied amazement.

"Some bloke's been teachin' that chap to swim!" said one of them at last.

"Well, why didn't he show him th' overhand tip while he was about it?" replied another contemptuously.

"Perhaps," said an old man, "the frog did the teachin'. We used to think so when I was a boy; but that's a long time ago."

It was a remark pregnant with reflection, and as the frog heard it he dived into the cold recesses of the basin and was seen no more.—New York Sun.

The "Elevation" of Men.

The attempt to elevate women, as it is facetiously called, is no longer an experiment; but how is it about the attempt to elevate men by this roundabout process? Are the men of the day improving? Are the politicians, for instance, any better; do they read more; do they try to fit themselves by study for legislative and executive positions; are they any better informed on economic questions; are they more sensitive to a reputation for honorable dealing; are they more jealous for the good name of the country in such a matter, say, as the international copyright? And the young men in offices, in shops, in business, are they being raised intellectually, or do they share proportionally in the great movement for the elevation of the other sex?

Every one can answer this question for himself by a little observation of the ways in which young men spend their leisure time. And as to the outward refinements of life, manners and dress? Even in the industrial walks of life, does the young man dress with the neatness and becomingness that characterize the industrial young lady of the period? Are these trifles? It is by the observation of the ordinary in the conduct of men that the philosopher estimates the drift of the age. In this, which has been triumphantly called the woman's age, one is forced occasionally to note what is becoming of the other half of the world.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

History of the Turkey.

The turkey is a lineal descendant from the wild North American species, which was found in Mexico by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, both wild and domesticated. The Spanish sailors and soldiers introduced it into the West India islands under the name of pavon, or peacock.

From the West Indies the bird was taken to Spain, where it was called pavon de las Indias. The French called it dindon, a contraction of coq d'Inde. Evidently the East Indies were confounded with the West, for when this fowl was introduced into Germany it was known as the "Calicut hen."

Maj. W. Ross King says that the bird was introduced into England about 1520 to 1524, and that it received the name which it has since borne simply because it was then the custom to refer the origin of all strange and foreign articles to Turkey. It would not be at all surprising to find that the trade with Mediterranean ports at that time credited to that country.

Readers will recall how in the time of the Crusades, a few centuries before, it had been the practice to speak of all Monammedan people as Saracens, while the fact was that that people were but a small tribe in Arabia. The instances are quite parallel.

When the fowl was brought to this country, its original home, it kept the name which had been given it in England, and more than that it gave this name to the undomesticated variety, which has since been known as the wild turkey. The circle was completed, and a bird that belonged exclusively to this continent, without having gone away from its home at all, got credit for having been brought from the east. It is a good example of the confusion of names likely to occur almost anywhere.—Youth's Companion.

The New Money Fad.

"Can you give me $200 in new money?" inquired a young man at the teller's window in one of the big banks in New York a few days ago. "Mr. —— wants it for his wife."

"Certainly," replied the teller, recognizing in the applicant the confidential clerk of one of the bank's heaviest depositors. The money was handed out in clean, crisp tens and fives that had never been in circulation. After the young man had gone the teller remarked to the writer: "That new money fad is on the increase. Just as soon as a man begins to feel a little tony he gets the notion that no member of his family ought to handle the soiled and crumpled currency in general circulation. When the madame goes a-shopping she must have her purse filled with brand new bills.

"Many persons explain their mania for new money on the theory that there is contagion in the much handled bills. They seek to keep disease away from their family circle by excluding, to as full an extent as possible, all money that has been in circulation. They keep a supply of new bills of various denominations constantly on hand, and the ladies of the household feel that they are thus well protected against contagion." Most of the new money is procured directly from the banks, but there are frequent individual applications at the sub-treasury for new bills and new coin. When the sub-treasury has an abundance of small denomination bills on hand such applications are unhesitatingly complied with.—Montreal Star.

Wonderful Peculiarity in Eyes.

If still living, Miss Nancy Taylor, of Grant township, Taylor county, Ia., is possessed of one of the most remarkable pairs of eyes ever heard of this side of the realms of wonderland. Her curious optical defect has been known to her parents ever since she was a small child, and to the people of that portion of Taylor county since the child first started to school, but her fame on account of the freakish characteristics of her eyes did not spread beyond the limits of the state until about 1887, when Miss Nancy had reached the mature age of 10 years.

Persons with but a smattering of optics know that oculists have a theory that everything we see is seen in its inverted order; daily association from the cradle up being all that makes such objects appear in regular order, the impression conveyed to the brain by the optic nerve showing objects standing just the reverse to the way our "seeing sense" teaches us they are. In this lies the Taylor girl's remarkable optical deformity. When she reads a book or paper she does so by holding it inverted before her eye. While relatives standing a few feet away appear all right to her, the paper or book must be turned upside down before a word can be read.—St. Louis Republic.

A German Peasant's Idea of America.

Americans who leave the beaten track of travel in Germany are always objects of more or less interest to the people. There is the curiosity due to the great distance that the visitors have come from, and besides a German who has not a relative or at least a friend in this country is a rarity. The traveler is asked all kinds of questions about the United States, and often a most lamentable ignorance is displayed by the Germans about the distant country. A case in point is related by a New Yorker who spent some time one summer in a village in Hanover, at some distance from a railroad. He was visiting a physician whom he had met at Berlin in the university days of both of them.

One afternoon the physician, accompanied by his friend, drove to a farm house to visit a sick child. When he alighted the American remained in the vehicle. In the course of his call the physician happened to mention that his companion was from the United States. As they drove away an old lady rushed out of the house, gesticulating wildly and calling on them to stop. They did this, and she ran up, all out of breath, shouting:

"How is my son? He is in America."

She did not hear of the New Yorker's nationality until after the physician left the house, and ran to make inquiry about her son, who had been in America for fifteen years. The woman had received no word from or about him for several years. She thought, of course, that every one in America knew every one else there. The foreigner had much difficulty in explaining that he had never heard of her son, who was in Minnesota when he wrote his last letter. For some time the good woman believed that the New Yorker was an imposter who did not come from America at all.—New York Tribune.

Birds in Tug of War.

Two sparrows—one big, the other little—simultaneously swooped down upon a piece of cotton cord in front of the City Hall the other day. Both wanted it and both pulled, but without visible advantage to either bird. Then began a real tug of war.

Of course the smaller sparrow was heavily handicapped in the matter of weight, but this he more than made up in skill and strength. For a few moments they stood firmly braced on the asphalt walk and pulled with all their might. Finding their efforts against each other futile, they, with a common impulse, flew upward without relaxing their hold upon the coveted object, and continued in midair the struggle for the string.

Once off the ground the smaller sparrow appeared to figure more conspicuously, for while his foe seemed to fancy that weight would tell in the end the little bird adopted shrewd tactics. When the big bird flew he flew with him, and when he darted upward or zigzagged from side to side he was with him every time. In fact he let the big one cut out all the work, and it was plain to the crowd of people who stood watching the strife that the big bird was wearing himself out. This proved to be true. Suddenly the little one, seizing a favorable opportunity, made a sharp downward rush, instantly followed by a quick upward dash and the cord was jerked out of the tired beak of his rival. But in making the effort the prize fell from his own bill. For a single second it floated in the air, then the little victor quickly seized it, and with a tiny screech of triumph flew away unmolested by the larger bird.

This little tug of war only lasted two or three minutes, but it was a show worth seeing.—New York Herald.

Not Burdened with Baggage.

"John B. Weller was an Ohio politician in the 'way back days,'" said an old gentleman, "and I think he was elected governor or lieutenant governor, I don't remember which, of that state. He came back to Ohio once afterward on a visit. On his return to California he went by vessel, as that was the only way of going in those days unless you went overland, which wasn't always safe. The vessel on which John returned was wrecked on Roncador reef, and the passengers lost all their baggage.

"They also had to subsist on anything that country had and live in huts until another vessel came to carry them on home. Finally they all succeeded in reaching 'Frisco. Many friends of the rescued met them at the pier. Some of Weller's admirers welcomed him. He gave them a graphic account of the wreck and the survival.

"'Did you save anything?' asked one of the friends who had listened.

"'Not a thing but my character,' was the reply.

"'John,' said an old forty-niner who had known Weller in Ohio, 'you arrived in California with less baggage than any man I ever heard of.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The Medical Use of Electricity.

The ideas that people attach to the value of electricity and magnetism are often sadly erroneous. That electricity in the hands of the skilled medical practitioner may be of great benefit in the treatment of disease is beyond all doubt; but it is also true, unfortunately, that people very frequently do themselves great injury by resorting to electrical remedies without the advice of a physician, simply upon their own judgment or the careless recommendation of a well intentioned but ignorant friend. The superstitious that exist on this subject are of the most absurd nature. People talk of the curative effects of magnetism, while, as Sir William Thomson has shown, the biggest magnets do not exert the slightest influence on any part of the human body. If the electrical current is to be used, let the family doctor be consulted first.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Postage Stamps in 1840.

In a letter addressed by a lively young brother to his sister, which bears the date Monday, May 25, 1840, we have found the following record of opinion:

"Have you tried the stamps yet? I think they are very absurd and troublesome. I don't fancy making my mouth a glue pot, although, to be sure, you have the satisfaction of kissing, or rather slobbering over, her majesty's back. This, however, I should say, is about the greatest insult the present ministry could have offered the queen."—Notes and Queries.

The Single Danger to France.

Universal suffrage may be vitiated in two ways—through the money of candidates or by the influence of the government. Individuals are mentioned who have spent as much as 200,000 francs for a seat in the chamber of deputies. Half a million francs came out of the coffers of Boulangism for three elections only. One cannot see, among such conditions, what becomes of equality. If we begin to buy votes it will be time to exclaim with La Mennais, "Silence, ye poor!"—Jules Simon in Forum.

It Hits Hard.

A Michigan man who was picked up by a locomotive running forty miles an hour had his skull crushed, both arms and both legs broken, both shoulders crushed, back and nose broken and five ribs stove in, all without drawing a drop of blood.—Detroit Free Press.

Every electric street car line in the United States that has been equipped and operated commercially has been a successful and profitable investment.

Names of Maine Islands.

In the course of my saunterings and cruisings the names of islands along the Maine coast impressed me frequently with their significance. There are, for instance, several Brown Cows grazing on the ocean field, the islands bearing, especially at a distance, a resemblance to the esteemed contemporary which our milkmen are supposed to see daily. More than once, deadly looking ledges I found were called The Graves. On one of these a wreck occurred within a few years.

The Porcupines at Bar Harbor are familiar and felicitously named islands, the Bald Porcupine being able to live up to its name without any difficulty. Islands and ledges at another point bear the unconventional titles of the Unbelievers and the Hypocrites. I have not been able to trace the origin of the former name, but I presume the Hypocrites may be so called from the fact that at high tide they are able to conceal their true and dangerous character.—Christian Union.

Value of a Queen's Reproof.

When Prince Albert Victor was a small boy at school he once ran short—as small boys occasionally do—of pocket money, and thereupon wrote to his presumably indulgent grandmother for the loan of five shillings. Instead of the eagerly expected remittance, however, came a letter filled with grandmotherly reproof and advice, dashing his hopes to the ground. Despair presently gave way to joy, though, as the idea of the letter having a marketable value struck him, and he promptly realized thirty shillings on the "autograph letter of her majesty, the queen." The letter was sold the other day at a sale of valuable curios and autographs, and fetched £16.—London Tit-Bits.

Colorado's Coal Mines.

Trinidad, Colo., is looming up as one of the future great coal centers in the United States, and there are well informed coal men who predict that the output will soon equal that of the most famous Pennsylvania districts. The output three years ago was, in its infancy, 1,000 tons per day. It has already reached 8,000 tons per day, and is expanding as rapidly as the railroad can make arrangements to haul away the coal to the markets of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Arizona and even New Orleans.—New York Telegram.

Paper Pulleys.

The principle of the compressed paper car wheels, which are so widely used throughout the world, is applied in France to the manufacture of pulleys for power transmission. The pulleys are said to be very light, cheap and serviceable in every respect.—Philadelphia Record.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUTWITTING THE FACULTY

Various Devices of Students to Pass Examinations Without Study.

At a recent meeting of a number of college men in Hartford conversation happened to drift to the trials and struggles of examination days. It was led that way by the first story teller who said that, having been at one examination where each student drew a separate slip of question, he met a classmate who had to go in with the next division. "The thing is not likely to be a chance," he said to his friend, "but in case you should draw the paper I had, I'll tell you what each question was." So he did. The fellow looked them up, went in and drew that very paper, and came out triumphant.

But that proved a very mild case when the others came up. It seems that in one examination at Yale some years ago in Latin, one fellow, who was very shaky, put his own interlined text book into his overcoat pocket, and entered the room. He was called to the desk, and the tutor gave him a text book, of course not interlined. He shoved it into his other pocket, walked slowly back to his seat, drew out his own book from his pocket, and was all prepared. After reciting, before the tutor could call for the book, he absent mindedly thrust it back into his pocket, and turned away. Being asked for the book he apologized, hauled out the other one, and retired.

Once in alumni hall at Yale a shaky student who couldn't bear to part with his class discovered in advance a knothole in the floor. He secured the desk by that hole. Pretty soon he had the misfortune to drop his pencil. Bending over for it he shoved his examination paper down through the knothole. Fellows in waiting in the cellar ran off with it, filled out papers for him, not too well, but well enough to save him, for a perfectly correct examination was not consistent with his record, and on returning signaled to him. This time he had the misfortune to knock a lot of paper off his table and litter the floor. He got down and conscientiously picked everything up, including the relief papers that came up through the knothole.

At another time where papers were drawn one fellow drew two by sleight of hand process, passed on one, surrendered it and went out. Then he gave the extra one to a lame friend, who at once "crammed" that paper. Then he went in, drew his paper and calmly answered every question he knew, passing well on it and carrying away for what might be termed outdoor relief the paper that he drew. This was kept going all day and worked well.

Another fellow, illustrating alike the sharpness of the boy and the laziness of the professor, having practically no knowledge of one heavy subject that had been a study for the term, went to the record and learned by heart the answers to each of the twelve questions asked in each of the previous years, discovering the while that, instead of being thirty-six questions, there was a good deal of repetition. Knowing these questions thoroughly, and not a word outside of them, he went in, and, sure enough, the professor had drawn sufficiently on his earlier papers to enable this fellow to answer more than enough to pass him. As for the rest, his paper was a blank.—Hartford Courant.

Playing Cards in Alabama.

Burr McIntosh, the actor and quondam newspaper man, relates a funny anecdote. "About a year ago our company was delayed several hours at a little way station in Alabama near Birmingham. Several of the party, including one of the ladies, suggested a quiet game of 'hearts' to pass away the time. There were absolutely no signs of civilization about the place excepting an old cow and a pig grazing quietly near by, but we hadn't been playing five minutes when a big, burly fellow came along swinging a club and pompously said, 'You are all under arrest!' We thought he was joking, and paid no attention to him until he repeated the remark, when one of the party did consent to say 'Rats!'

"But the deputy sheriff, or whatever he was, wouldn't have it. He arrested us all, even the lady, although we protested that the game was for fun and not money, and took us before the 'mayor,' who fined us $1 each and then tacked on costs enough to make it $9. I got even with the sheriff a few days later on our return by throwing a bottle of ink all over him as our train passed the station, but I never again attempted to play 'hearts' in Alabama."—New York World.

Unusual Printing.

While there are doubtless many printing presses in existence that would fulfill a more useful mission if transformed into road rollers, still it has fallen to the lot of a newspaper in Middlesborough, England, to make the first adaptation of a steam road roller to printing purposes, and it was with such a unique machine that The Northeastern Daily Gazette printed an edition of 64,000 copies. The motive power of The Gazette office is a gas engine, but on the day in question an accident to the gas works suddenly cut off the supply of gas.

A gang of workmen were hastily obtained from a neighboring establishment, and heavy iron plates were laid in the yard adjoining the printing room, in the walls of which a large opening was made. A fifteen ton steam roller was then pushed into the press room, shored up and belted to the shafting, and an hour after the usual time of going to press the presses were started and the entire edition was run off without a hitch.—Newcastle Chronicle.

What Ruined the Meeting.

Mr. Wiggins—Well, my dear, did the Woman's Society for Reforming the Earth have a good meeting?

Mrs. Wiggins (a fair reformer)—Well, just so-so. You see business was going on beautifully, when some one asked the president about the new bonnets worn by the younger Sorosis women at their annual meeting.

Mr. W.—Proceed.

Mrs. W. (blushingly)—And then—then the hour for adjournment had come and gone before she got through.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

We are proclaimed, even against our wills—
If we are silent, then our silence speaks;
Children from tumbling on the summer hills
Come home with roses rooted in their cheeks.
I think no man can make his life hold good—
One way or other, truth is understood.

The still, sweet influence of a life of prayer
Quickens their hearts who never bow the knee;
So come fresh draughts of living island air
To weary, homesick men, far out at sea.
Acquaint thyself with God, O man, and lo!
His light shall, like a garment, round thee flow.

The selfishness that with our lives has grown,
Though outward grace its full expression bar,
Will crop out here and there like belts of stone
From shallow soil, discovering what we are.
The thing most specious cannot stead the true;
Who would appear clean, must be clean all through.

In vain doth Satan say, "My heart is glad,
I wear of Paradise the mor

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞ No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1891.

BOY INSTEAD OF A GIRL.

A NEW BRUNSWICK WOMAN SOLVES THE SERVANT QUESTION.

The Little Negro Came on Trial for a Week, but He Liked the Place So Well He Has Adopted the Family—He Does Housework as Well as a Girl.

"I think," said Mrs. Henry Archibald, as she settled herself in one of the comfortable seats in the ladies' parlor of the parish building to wait for the opening of the meeting of the New Brunswick Married Women's guild, "that I have got right down to the bottom of the hired girl question."

"You don't," [illegible] responded [illegible] I only say as much." "Have you secured that perfect jewel of a girl we have been looking for all our lives?"

"No, I have not. I have got down so far that I have no girl at all."

"No girl at all!"

"None at all. I've got a boy—a little colored boy."

"Good gracious! Why, of what earthly use to you is a little colored boy? What can he do?"

"Well, that is pretty hard to say. I have only had him three days, and during that time I find that he can do anything I tell him to do, and a good many more things that I don't want him to do. But, do you know, I rather like 'the little moke,' as my husband calls him. He is a new sensation and keeps us all alive."

"Where did you get him?"

"The other morning when Mr. Archibald was going out I said to him: 'Henry, that last girl has gone off. I wish you would send me a little boy to carry coal and sweep the pavement. Neither Matilda nor I is able to do such things, and we wouldn't want to if we were able.' About 9 o'clock that morning a little, short, chubby, bullet headed, bright eyed colored boy came into the out kitchen where Matilda was making an effort to wash the breakfast dishes. The first thing I heard was Matilda in argument with him:

TAKEN UNDER PROTEST.

"'I have nothing for you. Get away from here.'

"'I doesn't want nuffin.'

"'Well, clear out, then.'

"'I's gwine to wuk.'

"'Clear out, I tell you!' Whack! Whack!

"'Now, you jess let me alone, you gal. Ef you don't, afoh de Lawd I s'prise ye!'

"I thought it was time to interfere, and went out. Matilda had broken the broom over him, and the boy was backed up in a corner preparing to ward off an attack with the rolling pin. I told Matilda to desist, and asked the boy what he wanted.

"'Gemman downtown done tole me to come heah to wuk.'

"'Was it Mr. Archibald?'

"'Dunno, ma'am. He were a fat, four eyed man, an' he had done slipped froo his har.'

"'That must be your father,' I said to Matilda. She glared at the boy, who dodged and threw up his hands as if expecting a blow.

"'Is—is—[illegible]'

"'Silas Moorehouse, ma'am. My mammy lives on Cream ridge, an' I'se a strong boy for 12 years old,' he rattled off as if he were saying a lesson. 'I'll do anything you wants, ma'am, cose I'se willin' to wuk an I'se olle hungry.'

"'Poor little soul!' said Matilda, 'he shan't be hungry around here,' and in a minute she had a big piece of pie in the boy's fist

"Well, the boy ate his pie, carried coal, finished washing the dishes, swept up the kitchen and cleaned up the yard. Then he had his dinner, and was washing up the dishes again when there came a prolonged whistle from the alley alongside the house.

"'Scuse me a minute,' said Silas and ran out. In a second there was a terrible fight going on outside the alley, with noise enough for a dozen people in a row. I nearly fainted, thinking somebody was going to be killed from the noise they were making, but Matilda went out and leaned on the fence. In five minutes Silas had sent his adversary howling out of the alley, and Matilda came in holding Silas at arm's length to keep his nose from bleeding on her dress. She put his head under the hydrant, washed his face, bathed his nose and finally got the bleeding stopped.

MAKES HIMSELF SOLID.

"'Silas, you're a young hero,' said Matilda soothingly. 'You licked him, didn't you?'

"'Course I did. I ain't gwine to have no wuffless young niggahs a-foolin' aroun' my place of business.'

"From that time Silas was Matilda's friend. He did his work well, and appeared happy over it, for he whistled until he made my head ache, and when he polished the stove he did it with two brushes, beating time with noise enough for a drum corps.

"The first night when the work was done I said to Silas: 'That is all to-night. You can come back about 7 o'clock in the morning,' and I gave him fifty cents. He gave me a strange, wistful look, and saying 'Good night, ma'am,' went out, shutting the kitchen door softly after him. I thought no more of the matter until I came down in the morning to find Silas sitting in front of the stove with his feet in a bucket of hot water and Matilda giving him hot coffee.

"'What is the matter with Silas?' I asked Matilda.

"'Nothing much, mother,' she answered, 'only I found him nearly perished with cold out in the woodshed, where he has been all night.'

"'Why, child,' I said, 'why did you not go home?'

"'I isn't gwine home no moah.'

"'Why, Silas? Why won't you go home?'

"'Ef I go back to de ridge dey'll club me and take my fifty cents away.'

"Gradually I got the boy's story from him. His father and mother were both dead, and he had no home in reality. The story he had told me about his mother on Cream ridge had been taught him by the idle and worthless colored people who sent him out to hunt work and took his money from him whenever he earned any. The second night Silas slept in a warm bed in the garret, and was the first one up in the house in the morning. When Matilda came down he had a roaring fire in the kitchen, the kettle boiling and the front pavement swept. He told her confidentially as he took his half dollar out of his mouth and handed it to her:

"'I'se nevvah gwine away from heah no moah. I'se done 'dapted you and you mother an' you fodder, an' I don't need no wages.'"—New York World.

A Lucky Fellow.

Bilkins—So Goodheart, who was once engaged to you, has married Miss Sweetie, eh? Well, he's a lucky fellow.

Mrs. Bilkins—Do you know Miss Sweetie?

Bilkins—No, but I know you.—New York Weekly.

The "House of Seven Gables," which Nathaniel Hawthorne made famous, is still to be seen on Turner street, Salem, Mass. It was built in 1663, but received many alterations by its successive owners, until it became the curious structure which attracted Hawthorne's attention, and was, at one time, his home.

JOTTINGS, NEW AND OLD.

Some one has said, "shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals." It was a Frenchman who said this, and he was a very busy man during all the ninety years of his life. It was an Englishman who said, "one monster there is in the world: the idle man." He proved his aversion to idleness by his manifold works, the records of a busy life. People cannot keep doing all the time, and what sometimes seems idleness is simply rest. It may take the form of recreation, which is often useful and necessary. Still, a great many people have the habit of idleness. It is an unprofitable habit. Count up the hours in life that amount to nothing, hours spent uselessly, yielding no profit to yourself or another. In some cases there is such an absolute dearth of activity as to prove that a man may be useless to the world and of no use to himself. It was an American who said, "our chief want in life is some one to make us do what we ought." This seems to imply that infirmity of will is a very prevalent misfortune. It is said that "one half of the world must sweat and groan, that the other half may dream." Perhaps one half would go on dreaming if the other half stood idle. The fact is that people toil, generally, simply because it is a necessity. There is more compulsion in it than choice. I believe it was Horace Greeley who said, "root, hog, or die, is a law of the universe." Perhaps it is pleasanter to most people to dream than to drudge. Some of us have tried both, and know that drudgery is without fascination, while quiet, peaceful, undisturbed dreaming, delicious revery, sweet sessions of tranquil cogitation, are often highly delightful, and not to be despised. Philosophy can never extinguish the habit of idle musing. For all that we can admire what a German said,

"Life's no resting, but a moving,
Let thy life be deed on deed."

Some people are attractive through the art which they have of making a display of their qualities. There the attraction ends, for it does not take long for people of sense to see that a display of qualities does not necessarily denote their actual possession. We should estimate people for what they really have of worth and solid merit, and not for what they appear to have, when there is no substance behind the assuming. "We attract hearts by the qualities we display, we retain them by the qualities we possess."

—

"Beauty and ugliness disappear equally under the wrinkles of age; one is lost in them, the other hidden. If ugliness did not exist beauty would have no marked contrasts to set it off. Perhaps it is well that beauty eventually leaves its possessor, and that beauty and ugliness meet on common ground in the wrinkles of age. The attractions of the face are of small moment compared with the more essential charms that adorn character. If it is not possible for some to possess the former, they may have the greater satisfaction of winning the latter by noble effort. Is there anything in the wide world more to be desired than those high and beautiful qualities which indicate grandeur of character? Very often the difference between one person and another is simply a difference of character. A wide chasm separates worth and worthlessness. All degrees of merit or demerit come between. "Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."

—

"A beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form."

—

"Success is necessary for the timid, praise is a moral stimulus, and admiration a strengthening elixir." Good words, these. Lips of praise generally accompany a generous heart. Often envy silences the voice of admiration. Some people are annoyed if they hear others commended. They are the kind who take delight in uttering blame. Petty criticism is their supreme enjoyment. They take a vicious pleasure in finding fault and in discovering flaws in another's doings. If twenty good points are conspicuous in an individual's action, and only one insignificant objection can be found, the narrow-minded critic would close his eyes to the former, and convert the latter from a molehill into a mountain. If a few drops of prejudice should mingle with the tart solution of criticism, the zest in pouring it off the tongue would be increased in keenness. It is better to see and acknowledge good parts always. "Praise is a moral stimulus."

The carping critic is a nuisance. He sows the seeds of discouragement. The helping hand and the helping voice are always gratefully welcomed by those who are striving to do their duty. It may be a public duty in which the welfare of many depends. A sensitive soul is easily crushed, and nothing is so much a source of bitterness to a conscientious worker as idle strictures aimed at some trifling error, which would only attract the notice of a narrow, unsympathetic nature. People who are born without sympathy have desolate souls. Sometimes those who busy themselves about the faults of others have no time to mend their own. It is said that "some are born with a sorrow in the heart." It is worse to be born with an accusing spirit, which can plant a depressing sorrow even among the roses of cheerfulness.

—

Carlyle was a trifle severe when he mentioned the population of Great Britain, and then audaciously said that they were "mostly fools." Perhaps he only meant that the majority were not wise. In our own country wisdom is not prodigally found. Was Greece wiser than America? See what a French wit says, and then draw your own conclusion. "Greece, so much praised for her wisdom, never produced but seven wise men; but of the number of fools!" How discouraging!

—

"Philosophy triumphs easily over evils past and evils to come; but present evils triumph over philosophy."

—

"All skulls seem to laugh. Perhaps it is at the epitaph engraved on their tomb."

RANDOM.

WHAT FLOWERS DO FOR FOLK.

Observations on How They Affect a Man's Character and Appearance.

The talk about the overwork and underpay of many sorts of laborers tempts a thoughtful person to take a rather critical attitude with regard to his luxuries. An enjoyment is easily spoiled by the twinge of reminding conscience, which insists that the pleasure has been secured through the undue painful toil of another.

But at least one delightful extravagance is entirely free from this taint of the primal curse. Flowers have no clinging associations of unhappy workers in squalid surroundings, but call instead to the minds of those who know them the most contented class of manual laborers to be found in the world. Among a good many florists and gardeners whom I have known I cannot remember a single dissatisfied or pessimistic one. They are always a little pathetic to look at, because constant stooping makes round shoulders one of the marks of the trade, and their general effect of unprosperousness is heightened by their prevailing indifference to personal neatness. Indeed, their fondness for the soil is almost always so great that they are not at all troubled when an astonishing amount of it adheres to them, and merely to say that a gardener is a better fellow than he looks expresses very feebly the virtues of the calling.

And the interest these men show in their work! My gardeners have an almost maternal fondness for their plants. "Would you like to see my houseful of sick roses?" one asked me once.

"Of course I should," I replied, expecting to see some depressing spectacle of languishing vegetation. Instead, I was shown a roomful of sturdy bushes of all ages, but alike in the lustiness of their growth.

"You see, in every lot which comes from the nursery there are some which haven't stood the journey, and which would never do to sell," said my florist friend. "Their value is not much, but I cannot bear to throw them away, and a little extra care makes them what you see here."

"Isn't the time worth more than the young plants?"

"Of course it is. But I enjoy giving the weak ones a bit of a petting."

I have often noticed that generosity is almost a trade characteristic of florists. It does not take the form of making their wares unnaturally cheap, but they are more willing than other merchants to give a little more than they have to. With most of the craft a dozen means fifteen, and I have rarely found one who would not ask a customer to take an extra rose for a boutonniere. They seem to feel that flowers were created to be given and not sold, and offer this little implied apology for the sordid [illegible] lovely merchandise.

Nothing pleases them better than a customer who is himself an enthusiast, and it would be hard to convince them of the baseness of a real flower lover. I went once to the florist who had lately stocked my little garden with a complaint that the plants had all been stolen.

"Stole your plants, did they?" repeated he, with a quaint Scotch accent. Then, thinking that the catastrophe appealed to me in a moral rather than a commercial light: "But they canna ha' been verra bad if they liked flo'ers well eno' to steal 'em."—Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

Fattening Terrapin Without Food.

We get terrapin from a little town down in Maryland, where they are bought up from the fishermen who catch them in nets in Chesapeake bay.

"There are diamond backs in other southern waters—here is one that came from Savannah—but none are supposed to have the exquisite taste of those caught in the Chesapeake."

"How long will they live?"

"For three or four months, and strange to say get fatter the longer they are kept. All the food they get is a little sea grass put down for them to waddle about in."

The average terrapin isn't over seven inches long, and in the shell don't weigh over two pounds. The late Mr. Wormley, of hotel fame, was a connoisseur in diamond backs, and bought as many as 300 at a time. He put them away in a remote room, where no light entered, so that they wouldn't stir about, locomotion being a hindrance to the fattening process.—Interview in Washington Post.

The New York and Florida Special of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that commencing on January 19th the New York and Florida special will be placed in service between New York and Jacksonville and St. Augustine. The train will run tri-weekly at present, leaving New York Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 30 A. M., Philadelphia 11.59 A. M., Baltimore 2 20 and Washington 3 30 P. M., arriving at Jacksonville and St. Augustine the next afternoon. The train will be equipped with Pullman Vestibule Drawing-room Sleeping, Dining, Smoking, and Observation Cars. A conspicuous feature of the equipment is the new Pullman Vestibule Drawing-room Smoking Cars, [illegible] fitted with all the modern conveniences promotive of comfort and luxury. These cars will afford most convenient and exclusive accommodations for parties traveling together.

Never before in the history of Southern travel have its requirements been so fully met, and the inauguration of this magnificent service will undoubtedly greatly stimulate travel to this particular portion of the South.

Reservations of space may now be made at the ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

Colonists for Montana, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific Railroad.

This railroad, with its main and branch lines, has brought into communication with the east all prominent sections of the great northwest. It is the only line traversing Montana and Washington. It is the only line running through trains from the east to and through the state of Washington. It is the short line from St. Paul to Butte City and Helena, Mont., Spokane Falls, Wash., and Portland, Oregon, and the only all rail line to Tacoma and Seattle, Wash.

Under present car arrangements Pullman sleeping cars and furnished tourist sleepers are run via the Wisconsin Central, and Pullman Palace Sleepers via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Northern Pacific from Chicago through to the Pacific coast without change.

In addition to this service the Northern Pacific runs on its through express trains regular day coaches, dining cars and free colonist sleepers from St. Paul to Tacoma and Portland.

The Northern Pacific line allows the holders of second class tickets to stop at Spokane Falls, Wash., and at all points west thereof, ten days at each place desired. This will enable settlers to thoroughly examine all lands for sale in the new state before selecting a permanent location. No other line offers holders of second-class tickets an opportunity of examining all sections of this great state without the payment of additional fares of from $5.00 to $20.00.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists'.

Cut Flowers

for Corsage bouquets, Floral designs in choice flowers for funerals. Harry Chambers, Florist, 23 Market street.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 12, 1891.

The January announcements, intended only for our guests and customers, have brought sellers—importers and manufacturers—in large numbers. The crowds of eager buyers told a convincing story that here and now goods could be moved at popular prices.

Our new trade notions have been admitted and admired on both sides. Big operations have been made. Shelves and counters have been filled and refilled, and the public has made money.

To-day the Stationery Store offers eight bargains in Note Paper and Envelopes, the Art Pottery gets 100 new bargain pieces, the Muslin Underwear is filled up, and so all through the house.

The great Carpet sale has money for you at present prices. The chance won't come again.

—

Women's Wrap Materials—

Some of the richest and most unique of this season's Long Wrap Materials go this morning to the prices of ordinary stuffs—or below. They are the sorts many women of the exactest taste have been choosing from for months past. Extra fine in quality striking in design, and made expressly for the purpose. Some are short pieces, some have been a little slow. The quickener has touched in good earnest.

Wrap Materials—

Figured Bourette, 4 colors, was $3.50 now $1.50.
Self-figured Serge, 4 colors, was $3 50 now $2 50.
Scroll Figured Camel Hair, 8 colors, was $4, now $2.50
Large Figured Wrap Material, 16 colors, was $4 50 and $5, now $2 50.
Large Figured Camel Hair, 6 colors, was $5, now $3.
Soutache Scroll Wrap Material, 2 colors, was $6, now $3
Leaf and Vine Pattern Wrap Material, 3 colors, was $6 now $3.50.
Camel Hair, Persian Figured, 3 colors, was $7, now $3.50
Figured Camel Hair, 4 colors, was $7.50, now $4.50

Cloakings—

Striped Cloaking, 3 styles, $1 50 grade at $1; 4 styles, $3 grade, $2.
Large Plaid Cloaking, 5 colors, $3 grade at $1.50.
Soutache Cloaking, 3 colors, $4 grade at $2 50
Black Cheviot Cloaking, diagonal and stripe, $3.50 grade at $3.
Black Figured Cloaking, $7.50 grade at $5.

—

A few words in reply to the questions constantly asked about Challis.

You are not to pay more.

The allegation, to put it mildly, is an error. The same quality as those just opened, was 60c last year, and two years before that—it is 60c now.

There are 121 varieties. It is not hyperbole to say it is the choicest and richest lot we have ever shown. We've said the same of each successive exhibition for four years and told exact truth every time.

The French designers have surpassed themselves this year. Conventional, geometrical things are out and fresh air fancies are in. Carnations behind the bars, pinks imprisoned in stripes. "Her eyes dey vos Himmel blue," you say as you look at a new blue ground unlike anything else yet seen. The cultivated blossom of the gay parterre, and the wild flowers of field and wood are all levied upon for the patterns while the invention of the artists shows much originality in figures and colors. Black grounds with white figures, white grounds with black figures, gray grounds with many figures, dahlia grounds with purple figures. Surely the most fastidious need not despair.

Anderson's Ginghams for Spring are here in full assortment and the already rich variety of India Silks is made richer by daily additions.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

OUR STOCK TAKING

Occurs in the latter part of the present month; and in order to reduce stocks our January Reduction Sale has been pushed with vigor. It has been a Grand Success. The great cut in prices was eagerly taken advantage of by thrifty buyers; and the delighted multitudes that have thronged our counters, have been in themselves the best advertisement we could desire.

We are offering goods at the very lowest prices during this month, with a view of further reducing stocks; and it will be to the interest of every one desiring to purchase Dry Goods either to call in person or to write for Samples and Information.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

MARKET AND EIGHTH STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

A

BOOM FOR 1891

not inflated but based on facts. I build and sell more Carriages, Harness, Sleighs, Blankets and Robes than all the rest of the Carriage Manufacturers in New Jersey added together. I have over one hundred styles each of Carriages and Harness and the largest stock of Sleighs in America to select from. I have been located 28 years on the same spot, no change of firm, no fires, no failures but continual and steady progress. The above facts are certainly evidence of merit and fair dealing. Call and Examine or send for Catalogue and Price-list.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

——LIGHT——

Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

Horse Clothing, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Boots,

AND EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE ROAD, TRACK AND STABLE.

BURLINGTON, - NEW JERSEY.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN CLOTHING.

We have secured property adjoining our New Store at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the New Store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a Great Reduction in Prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th and Chestnut. Ledger Building.

13th and Chestnut. New Store.

PHILADELPHIA.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,

Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

Miscellaneous

CHOICE

Cigars & Tobacco,

Cigarettes, Snuff, Pipes,

ETC., ETC.

A Full Line. "Hit the Highland Pipe," at

57 MILL STREET.

Come and see me. EUGENE HIGHLAND.

"Time is Money"

We have a Fine New Stock of

Winter Underwear,

Ready-made Clothing

—and—

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

Which we offer at the Lowest City Prices.

☞ We are also giving away Albums. Drop in and see how we work the scheme.

[illegible] CIALTY.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET.

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.

FOUR STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for w prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

FRED. B. BOOZ,

—DEALER IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

☞ Your trade is solicited.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher,

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

Dentistry : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

GET OUT YOUR BAD TEETH BEFORE COLD WEATHER.

☞ Until further Notice G. W. ADAMS will be in his office every day. ☞ ANÆSTHESIA A SPECIALTY.

NO. 3 MULBERRY ST., BRISTOL.

Dentilave, Brushes and Powder for sale.

FOR RENT.

Four brick houses on Jefferson avenue; corner of Wood street, all modern conveniences.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

STEAMBOAT

COLUMBIA,

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia daily, (Sunday excepted) at 7 15 A. M. Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 P. M.

Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

AN OFFICE WHERE

Everything in connection with

REAL ESTATE

IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRISTOL, PA.

Are You a Baptist?

By Profession?

By Education?

By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

The Examiner,

The Leading Baptist Paper

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send $2, the price of one year's subscription, addressing THE EXAMINER, Box 3661, New York City, and receive the paper for fifteen months—from October 1, 1890, to January 1, 1892.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Miscellaneous

NEVER A FAILURE.

The Red River Valley of
Minnesota and
North Dakota
has
never
had a failure
of crops.
It produced 30,000,000
bushels of wheat
besides other cereals in 1890.
Farms can be had
on the
crop plan, or long time
cash payments.
It is not an uncommon thing
to pay for a farm
from the proceeds of
one crop.
It has all of the advantages
of an old country in
the shape of school, church,
market, postal and railway facilities, and all the chances of
a new country in
the way of
cheap lands, rich soil, and
increase in values.
It is one of the most
fertile and promising
regions in America
not yet fully occupied.
In the rush to the far
west, however
this rich valley has
been over-looked.
It has room for a
million more people.
Write to
F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn.,
for particulars.
Publications sent free.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

Lewis T. Rodan,

Plumber, Steam & Gas Pipe Fitter,

And Dealer in

Plumbing Materials of all kinds.

Gas Machines,

WIND MILLS, PUMPS,

HYDRAULIC RAMS, &c., &c.

N. E. Cor. Radcliffe & Market.

S. B. ARDREY,

Consulting Mechanical Engineer.

POND ST. MACHINE SHOP.

☞ Designing for inventors a specialty

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

BRISTOL, PA.

SPOROZONE.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Female Diseases, where any specified has failed. We can treat you by mail. Our terms are lower than any and we take small weekly payments. Send for particulars

SPOROZONE COMPANY,

218 N. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private. DR. W. H. WRIGHT, 211 North Ninth Street, above Race, P. O. Box 673. Philadelphia.

JAS. R. VANSANT,

Agent for the

Adams & Westlake Oil Stoves!

Gas and Gasoline Stoves,

Hardware and Cutlery.

727 Market St., Phila.

Send for Circular.

F. W. PARROTT,

Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,

(Late of Queen & Co.)

2037 North Front Street,

Between Diamond and Norris Streets, for the proper fitting of Eye Glasses, Spectacles. Full assortment Spectacles to select from. A thorough examination of the eyes free of charge.

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:—

Mr Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festival* will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum

Henry M Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "*The Pioneers of the Great African Forest.*" Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stephenson and Lloyd Osborne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India*, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once. $3.00 A YEAR. 25 CENTS A NUMBER.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,

743-745 Broadway, New York.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 6.00, 5.00, 7.45 P. M. Closes at 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, ONFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION.—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.12, 7. P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M. 1.00 P. M.

TRENTON Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 1.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.55, 7.21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 9.52, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.34, 2.41, 3.03, 3.12, 4.05, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Philadelphia at 5.46, 8.14, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.01, 12.25, 3.33, 3.38, 4.21, 5.00, 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.25, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.21, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.42, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The steamboat Columbia expects to make a trip to Bristol to-day.

—The B. and O. engineers are again surveying through Bensalem township.

—The employees of Thomas L. Leedom & Co.'s carpet mill, are now all working on full time.

—Mr. and Mrs. William C. Peirce left Bristol, on Tuesday, on a trip to Chicago and other Western cities.

—The annual meeting of the shareholders in the Bristol Library will be held in the Library room this evening

—Policeman Tice is suffering with a carbuncle on the back of his neck and was not on duty for several days.

—Miss Mota R. Grundy and Miss Eloise O. Thomas are enjoying a visit at the National Capital, the guests of Comptroller and Mrs. B. F. Gilkeson.

—A special meeting of Fire company No 2 was held on Tuesday evening to pass upon the bills incurred for the excursion to Chester, last September.

—Wm. M. Griffith is reported to have sold his popular resort, the Neshaminy Falls Grove, and the adjoining mill property, to Philadelphia parties for $150,000.

—William Brogden, of Morrisville, was held in $300 bail yesterday to answer the charge of robbing the Pennsylvania Railroad office of that place of $25 on the night of December 24

—If the McKinley bill had not passed the Livingston Mills would remain unoccupied. Bristol's prosperity depends upon the protection afforded by the government to her manufacturing industries.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, January 15th, 91: Mrs. Bailey, the Widow, Levi L. Brown, Robt. Cairmiur, Mrs. D. T. Ellis, Mrs. Emma Furrow, Wm. Massey, H. K. Tomlinson, Harry Webber, Lippincott Wenson.

—Miss Helen F. Black, of Buckmanville, this county, has been elected by the Bristol School Board as a teacher in the public schools to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Miss Neitz. Miss Black comes highly recommended.

—There bids fair to be a crowded house at the Methodist church to-night, to greet the Rev. Sam. W. Small, who will deliver his great lecture based upon his own personal experience, "From the Bar-room to the Pulpit." Every one that can should hear him.

—A petition to the Pennsylvania railroad company signed by a large number of the business men of Bristol, asking for the reinstatement of Charles Johnson, the gatekeeper at the Mill street crossing at the time of the accident when four persons were killed, was sent in to-day.

—Joseph Q. Bloomsburg, formerly of this borough, starts to-day to join the Bristol colony at Tacoma, Wash., where he takes charge of an engine in a large brick factory. Mr. Bloomsburg is an excellent engineer and machinist and will doubtless give good satisfaction in his new field of labor.

—Miss Ada T. Sulger, of Trenton, N. J., who recently gave a lecture here on the subject of Psycho-Physical Culture, is about starting a course of lessons in that fascinating and healthful study. Persons wishing information in regard to terms, etc., may communicate with Miss Sulger, 109 East Hanover street, Trenton.

—A small sized fire occurred about half-past seven this morning in the old building on Mill street occupied by William R. McCoy as a fish market, and Lem Wong as a laundry. The fire started in the roof where a stove-pipe projected through. The fire department was promptly on the ground and the flames were soon brought under control.

—The GAZETTE makes a specialty of color printing. The editor of the Delaware Valley Advance visited the metropolis of Bucks county the other day, and came across some specimens of the GAZETTE'S work in that line, upon the merits of which he expresses himself as follows: Some fine specimens of color printing are being turned out at the Gazette office, Bristol. The idea, known as "Sherman's patent," is a new one, and reflects credit upon the office.

—Some of the business men of Bristol have been trying to get the Pennsylvania railroad company to put on a fast morning train leaving Bristol about 7.45 and making no stops between here and Broad street. Their efforts in that direction are being supplemented by some of the members of Council, who at the meeting of Council on Monday night, voted to restrict the speed of all trains passing through the borough to six miles an hour. Six members voted in favor of that proposition and one declined to vote. The railroad officials might do their prettiest to accommodate the people of this town, if such a restriction to travel were imposed, but any sensible person would seriously doubt it.

—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fidelity Building Association was held on Tuesday evening. The following named Directors were elected: Thomas B. Douglass, Francis Fenimore, George A. Shoemaker, James Wright and William V. Leech. James Wright was re-elected President, A. Weir Gilkeson, Secretary and Wm. Blackwood, Treasurer. The report of the Secretary showed that the total assets of the Association amounted to $66,167.01 of which $65,000 were invested in loans on mortgages. The value of the first series of stock is $84.98 per share, the second, 72.11; the third, $44.16; the fourth, $33.07; the fifth, $15.79, and the sixth, $3.04. The rate of earning during the year was 7.9. At the meeting thirteen loans were sold at 10, 13, and 14 cents monthly premium.

—The sale of the Livingston Mills by Livingston Grandin to Edward T. Steele, of Philadelphia, was consummated on Monday. The price paid is understood to be in the neighborhood of $60,000. The mills were erected by C. W. and J. Peirce and with the improvements added from time to time cost about $250,000. At the assignee's sale, over a year ago, Mr. Grandin purchased the property, exclusive of the movable machinery, for about $28,000. Mr. Steele, the new owner, is a well-known manufacturer of worsted goods and cassimeres, and in addition to his large business in this country has an extensive mill at Bradford, England. The mill will be fitted up at an early date with the requisite machinery and run to its full capacity. The resumption of business at this mill will not only give employment to a large number of people but will materially stiffen the price of real estate and add greatly to the prosperity of the town.

—The Bristol correspondent of the Standard says: In the New York Tribune of last Sunday there appeared a letter from Mrs. Jessie W. Cook, at Pine Ridge Agency, giving a detailed account of the troubles with the Indians there. Mrs. Cook was a resident of Bristol for many years, when, as Miss Jessie Wells, she taught in the boarding school of Miss Merriam. She afterwards married the Rev. Charles Cook, a young Indian, who was educated at Andalusia, just below this place. He took her to Pine Ridge Agency, where, as missionaries, they have worked for the civilization and advancement of the crafty red men with unremitting zeal. In her letter, Mrs. Cook, it is evident, sides with the Indians, who she believes to have been wofully wronged either by misplaced judgment or carelessness on the part of the U. S. Government. But having married one of the race, it is quite natural for Mrs. Cook to feel in earnest sympathy with her husband's people.

—Early yesterday morning between four and five o'clock a fire was discovered in the rear of the building belonging to Ellwood Doron's estate and occupied by S. I. Whitaker, proprietor of the Philadelphia Cash Grocery. The fire quickly spread and soon the whole building appeared to be in a sheet of flame. The fire alarm was promptly sounded, and the department turned out in a short time and soon five streams of water were playing upon the flames. The building being of frame and the headway gained being so great, it was only by the most heroic exertions of the gallant firemen that the result was not more disastrous. The Doron building was badly damaged. It is estimated that it will take about $2,500 to put it in good condition. The stock and fixtures belonging to the grocery store amounted to $5,000, upon which there was an insurance of $2,500 in the Queen, of Liverpool, Eng. L. T. Rodan, the plumber and gas fitter, who occupied the basement, had a stock of material and tools of about $2,000, upon which an insurance of $800 was placed. He is not as yet able to estimate the amount of his loss. The adjoining building, owned by Mrs. Emily B. Mitchell, of Philada., caught fire in the rear, and also sustained damage to the amount of from $800 to $1000. The loss is covered by insurance in the Bucks County Contributionship. Charles F. Herrman, upholsterer and furniture dealer occupied the building. His loss is small. The origin of the fire is unknown. No fire had been put in the rear of the building for a long while, and the belief that it was the work of an incendiary is generally accepted as the true one. Mr. Whitaker has removed his meat department to his recently purchased property on the corner of Mill and Cedar streets. His customers in the grocery line will be supplied from the Bath and Buckley street store. Mr. Rodan has taken up quarters opposite the Silbert House.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The Lotus Literary and Debating Society held a very interesting meeting on last Monday evening, the attendance being the largest since the Society was organized. The meeting opened with the vice-president in the chair. The reading of the Journal, one of the most interesting exercises, was heartily appreciated by all the members present. Too much praise cannot be given for the able manner in which the editor, Doran Green, manages the paper. An essay by R. B. Kelly entitled "Happiness," was next on the programme, then followed a reading by John Christy, entitled "Horse or Husband," and on account of its humorous strain carried the meeting by a storm of applause. The debate of the evening. "Which has been the most serviceable to mankind, the printing press or the steam engine?" was then taken up. Messrs. S. T. Valentine and M. Gregg Hibbs argued in favor of the printing press, and Messrs. Harry Sickel and Alex. Morrison espoused the cause of the steam engine. The topic was then given to the Society for general debate, and after it had been discussed for one hour the judges, Messrs. Brown, Angus and Thorn, decided in favor of the steam engine. The entertainment committee presented the following order of exercises for the next meeting: Essay, by Rev. I. W. Goodhue; reading, John Thorn; subject for debate, "Is Reason Confined to Man alone?" For the affirmative, F. W. Poyner and Chas. Cobley; for the negative, R. B. Kelly and Dr. Osmond. After the report of the committee on public reception the Society adjourned to meet on January 19. C. E. B.

—It is proposed to facilitate the delivery of foreign letters by establishing a steamship postal service similar to that maintained on the railways. It is remarkable that this idea has not occurred to some official before. The difficulty of sorting the mails on railway trains is immensely greater than it would be on an ocean steamer, where the voyage necessarily gives ample time for the work. The only drawback would be the possibility of sea-sickness in rough weather, and it would not be difficult to overcome that by assigning to this duty clerks who are good sailors. After a few trips such men would have as much immunity from sea-sickness as the captain and his mates.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Council met last Monday evening. At roll call all the members answered to their names except Messrs. Brudon and McCue. The Fire committee reported that a new heater had been purchased for Fire Co. No. 1, building. The Police committee reported four arrests made during the month and seventy-five tramps lodged. The Sanitary and Nuisance committee reported that the extra dirt on Pine street had been removed. The following bills were read and allowed:

Police,	$194.00
Johnson Bros.,	6.80
Philip Callahan,	6.00
Hugh Harkins,	6.75
Chas. F. Lippincott,	70.00
Electric Light Company,	233.79
Water Company,	150.00
A. Weir Gilkeson,	27.50
Joshua Barton,	6.00
Chas. W. Peirce's estate,	2.50
Hugh Harkins,	2.72
J. Wesley Wright,	2.00
Bristol Observer,	27.70
Fire Company No. 1,	10.00
	$745.76

The bill of Capt. John Waters for injury to his boat by running against the Jefferson Avenue bridge, and that of Mary Townsend for breaking the feed box of her boat while passing under the Mill street bridge, were referred to the Street committee.

A communication from the clerk of the borough of Chambersburg enclosing a draft of a bill to be presented to the Legislature for enactment authorizing boroughs to manufacture and sell electricity, was read and ordered filed.

A petition from residents of Pond street in particular and the Second ward in general asking for the restoration of a street lamp on Pond street that had been removed, was referred to the Street committee.

Hon. B. F. Gilkeson asked permission to make a statement to Council. He said that the Livingston Mills, which had been standing idle for some time, was likely to be sold and put in full operation. The only obstruction in the way was this: New manufacturing establishments were exempt by borough ordinance from taxation for a period of ten years. This mill, by the terms of the ordinance, cannot be considered a new mill. The bargain for the purchase of the mill was practically closed, and only waits the action of Council to-night in exempting it from taxation. He asked that Council suspend the rules and by resolution exempt the Livingston Mills from borough tax for ten years from January 1st, 1891. The gentleman who desired to make the purchase, he said, was one of the largest manufacturers in the United States.

On motion of James Wright it was unanimously resolved that the Livingston Mills be exempt from taxation for the period named.

After the passage of the resolution Mr. Gilkeson announced that Edward T. Steele, of Philadelphia, the well-known manufacturer of worsteds, woollens and cassimeres was the purchaser.

A communication from William H. Brown, engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, declining to pay the damages resulting from raising the tracks at Mill street crossing, accompanied by a letter from the corporation attorneys advising suit against the railroad company, was read.

The bills of Jonathan S. Wright for $1,293.84 and John C. Brown for $109.14 were taken up, and on motion passed—yeas, 11, nays, 3, and the following resolution adopted:

Resolved, That the Borough Attorneys be and hereby are instructed to bring suit against the Railroad Company to recover the cost of work done on Mill and Pond streets.

A motion by Mr. Kelly that the railroad trains be not permitted to run through Bristol at a greater speed than six miles an hour, was lost—yeas, 6, nays, 7, not voting, 1.

The Ordinance committee was instructed to draft an ordinance authorizing the exemption from local taxation of all new manufacturing firms for a period of ten years.

On motion Council then adjourned.

*It speaks for itself is what a lady said of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the other day. A single bottle had cured her child of a most distressing cough. It never fails to give speedy relief and permanent cure.

One application of Salvation Oil will rubbed in cured me of rheumatism in the arm, of two months standing. I never intend to be without it.

H. B. KRAMER, Washington, D. C.

—It seems more than probable that the copyright act will fail after all. The chief difficulty was supposed to be getting it through the House, but two Senators are said to be so dissatisfied with the bill passed that they will insist on its amendment by the Senate. To send the bill back to the House for concurrence in amendments, however desirable these might be in themselves, would be the same thing as killing the bill outright. If the Senators have the principle of the measure really at heart, they will pass the bill as it came from the House, and seek to remedy any defects in it by amendments passed as a separate act. Every time international copyright has failed, the failure has been due to the indiscretion of professed friends. Must another failure be scored to the same weakness?

Bankers,

Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommendations from people in all stations in life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

Almost Killed.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months and now I am well.—Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.

*ALLOW ME to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canandaigua, N. Y.

25 Bond Street, New York.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

BRISTOL, January 12, '91.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Referring to a communication in a recent issue of the GAZETTE, I wish to say, that the members of the School Board have a lively interest in the welfare of the schools. This is indicated by their general action, which will bear close scrutiny, and stand the test of intelligent investigation.

They may not always secure good teachers; they may not always be able to do so. If they fail in this respect at any time it may be owing chiefly to a scarcity of good material from which to select. They aim to choose the best that is obtainable, and even then the result might prove that they have erred in judgment. If all the applicants were sure to possess the qualifications of good teachers, and to be in every way acceptable and desirable, the business of choosing would be happily simplified, and free from special difficulty. In some cases neither nature nor education has set the seal of approbation on the applicant, and the directors are usually wise enough to accord to them the need of respectful silence. This seems rarely to be accepted as a token that such applicants are not worthy of consideration, or that the directors are anxious, in performing their most important duty, to protect the schools from the misfortune of unfit selections. It would be a good thing for the Board to adopt as a rule, "capable teachers, only, wanted; no others need apply." It is well to keep in view the fact that the quality of the school reflects the quality of the teacher.

At the last meeting of the Board Helen L. Black was elected to fill the vacancy at the Washington street school. Miss Black is a graduate of the Harrisburg High School, and also of the Bloomsburg Normal School. She has been engaged in the work of teaching some eighteen months, and is not, therefore, without experience. State Superintendent Waller, formerly of the Bloomsburg Normal, wrote a testimonial in her favor; County Superintendent Slotter gave a favorable report; and the president and secretary of the Board where she now teaches added their favorable communications, all in response to inquiries from the president of our Board. These facts are mentioned to show the ground upon which the Board based their decision, as well as to indicate their desire to choose the best applicants at their command.

Let me say a few words in regard to the superintendency. It is the uniform opinion of the directors that our schools have been conspicuously benefited through the services of the borough superintendent. The establishment of the office has been fully justified by results. The officer chosen in the beginning still holds the position by the unanimous sanction of the Board. Her work has been well done, and with conscientious care, untiring energy, good judgment, and careful management. There is no thought in the mind of any director that there would be the least propriety in returning to the old custom. That would be retrograde action, detrimental to the progress and welfare of the schools.

We know that the children who attend our public schools are almost exclusively those whose parents cannot afford to send them to private schools. We do not want them to feel any privation on this account, and therefore we aim to give them all the advantages we can reasonably provide. Step by step we wish to increase the value of the schools for the benefit of the pupils, and enlarge their capacity for usefulness. An efficient superintendent, and a corps of able, industrious, energetic, and vigilant teachers are essential auxiliaries in the promotion of this endeavor. W.

—Edwin S. Stuart was unanimously nominated for Mayor of Philadelphia by the Republican Convention yesterday. Mr. Stuart is the proprietor of a book store and a member of the select branch of the city's councils. He is a bachelor, and four years ago was a candidate for the office. He is President of the Young Republican Club and also of the league of State clubs.

*If you suffer with nasal catarrh, you need no one to describe your symptoms or suffering. We prescribe, however, Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, safe, sure and pleasant and only 25 cents.

If your baby is suffering with those troubles that nearly always attend teething, don't delay, but use at once, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25c.

—Last year American photographers used about 200,000 reams of albumenized paper. This was manufactured in Germany and 12,000,000 German eggs were used in the process. The McKinley tariff put up the price of imported albumenized paper, so that Americans are now manufacturing it in enormous quantities, and, of course, they are using and will continue to use American eggs.

—Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, has discovered an anti-fat remedy which he has tried with great success. He eats four or five times a day—as often as he desires to eat, in fact,—but takes as little food as possible to assuage the pangs of hunger. He also avoids fluids. In this way he has reduced his weight sixty-five pounds within six months.

DIED.

BESSONETT.—January 9th, 1891, in Verona, Miss., Mrs. Elizabeth Swift Bessonett, wife of Dr. Chas. H. Bessonett. She was born in Bucks county, Pa., Dec. 5th, 1805. Married Dr. Chas. H. Bessonett of Bristol, Pa., in 1831. Moved to Miss., in 1834.

New Advertisements.

Auditor's Notice.

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF THE COUNY OF BUCKS.

In the matter of the Estate of William H. Gilkyson, late of the Borough of Morrisville, in said County, deceased:

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Auditor by said Court to make distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the real estate of the said decedent sold by William G. Howell, executor of the last will and testament of William H. Gilkyson, deceased, under decrees of said Court, unto Pemberton M. Minster and Mary F. Kelly, respectively, and that he will hold a meeting to attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bristol, in said county, on Saturday, January 31st, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said meeting of said audit before said Auditor and show cause, if any they have, why the balance of the proceeds of said decedent's real estate so sold as aforesaid, after payment of his debts and the costs and charges of settling his estate, should not be distributed by said Auditor to Ellen S Gilkyson, mother of the said William H. Gilkyson under his will.

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Auditor.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE COURT of Common Pleas of Bucks County, the house and lot of Hannah Houghton, situate on Bath street, Bristol, Pa., adjoining lands of William Randall and Louisa Bunting, will be sold at public sale, upon the premises, on SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The lot has a front upon Bath street of 20 feet, 6 inches, with a depth of 83 feet. The house is frame, 2½ stories, tin roof; 16x30 feet, containing five rooms and an out-shed. Cellar under house; hydrant in kitchen.

Conditions of sale—$100 in cash at close of sale, balance of purchase money April 1, 1891. Deed at expense of purchaser.

BUCKS COUNTY TRUST CO., Committee.
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Att'y.
Edw. N. Booz, Auct.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

ALTHOUGH THE STOCK IN OUR

Radcliffe Street Store

HAS BEEN CLEANED OUT BY FIRE,

We are able, through the Facilities

OF OUR

Bath and Buckley Street Store,

TO SUPPLY ALL THE NEEDS

Of our customers, whom our wagons will call upon regularly as usual, and we will still continue to sell you the Best Goods in the market, at Lowest Cash Prices.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery.

SAMUEL I. WHITAKER, Proprietor.

Miscellaneous

In the Orphan's Court of Bucks County.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PARTITION OF THE REAL ESTATE OF CHAS. G. STOUT, LATE OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, DECEASED

TO all the heirs and devisees of Charles G. Stout, deceased, and to all others interested. You are hereby notified that the said Court has granted the following rules, viz.

And now to wit, January 6, 1891. The Court grants a rule on all the heirs, devisees and parties interested in said real estate, to appear at an Orphan's Court to be held at Doylestown, in and for said County, on the Third day of February, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse the said real estate at the valuation thereof, or at a higher price, and also show cause why the same shall not be sold by order of the Court.

By order of the Court.

J. JOHNSON BEANS,
High Sheriff of Bucks County.

WM. & J. C. STUCKERT, Atty's for Petitioners.
Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Pa.,
January 6th, 1891.

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(NEW YORK)

FOR 1891.

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Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELLWOOD DORAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

ELLWOOD BURTON, Administrator,
Tullytown, Pa.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Twp., Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator.
Morrisville P. O.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of W. TAYLOR POTTS, M. D., late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

SARAH A. POTTS.

Or to her Attorney, J. C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZA BOOZ, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

W. B. BAKER, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of LUCY A. KEEN, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate, will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement without delay, to

WILSON BANDALL, Executor.

Or His Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., Jan. 13th, 1891.

At an election held this day, the following Stockholders were elected Directors of this bank:

Pierson Mitchell,	Anthony Swain,
Edward Thomas,	Louis A. Hoguet,
John P. Agnew, M. D.	Elwood Burton,
John Burton,	Benj J. Taylor,
George A. Shoemaker,	

and at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, Pierson Mitchell was re-elected President, and Benj. J. Taylor, Vice-President.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Miscellaneous

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

BRISTOL, PA., December 26, 1890.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING in Bristol, Pa. and Trenton, N. J. between the undersigned, under the name of "The Philadelphia Cash Grocery," is this day dissolved by mutua consent.

The business in Bristol will hereafter be conducted by Samuel I. Whitaker, by whom all the debts of the Bristol stores will be paid.

SAMUEL I. WHITAKER,
CHARLES S. BURLEY.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS has won the foremost place among Pennsylvania newspapers by the liberality, enterprise, and fairness with which it conducts its business, reports great events and the completeness with which it records, day by day, the life of the city, State and country.

Its field is world-wide, and its staff, its special correspondents, so many and well organized, its source of news so numerous, that it appeals to a wider constituency than any other newspaper ever published in Pennsylvania.

"THE PRESS," said one of the managers of the Western Union Telegraph Company, "now receives more telegraphic news than all the other Philadelphia newspapers combined." This statement is authoritative and conclusive, and THE PRESS presents as daily witnesses to its truth, its twelve to twenty-four bright and interesting pages.

But it is not only by its news enterprise—by the zeal, energy and integrity of its reporters and correspondents that THE PRESS has won and held the confidence of its many thousands of readers, representing every age and every condition of life, every trade and every profession, every faith and every political opinion. It is the excellence and varied interest of THE PRESS as a general family journal, appealing to women as well as to men, which have made for it so many friends at home, and extended its reputation throughout the country. It prints every important event of the world's progress.

The printing of news is always its first business but its columns are also enriched by contributions from the most gifted special writers, the most famous novelists, and some of the most eminent public men of the time. The literary engagements already made for 1891, probably surpass in number and variety, and nearly equal in cost, any contemporary magazine, for the field and resources of such a newspaper as THE PRESS make it not only a daily historian, but a daily forum and a daily tribune.

Its steadily growing profits and its steadfast constituency not only demand, but insure progress. The greatest authors, as well as the brightest news correspondents, find their largest profits derived from any Pennsylvania newspaper, as well as their best Pennsylvania audience, in DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics THE PRESS is Republican, but it knows no other master than the people whose rights, aspirations, and needs it always defends. It has no enemies to punish, no individual political ambitions to foster or promote, and is subservient to no politician or clique. Faithful to the great body of readers and voters, whom it truly represents, it promotes its own interest and influence by faithfully upholding theirs. Its editorial opinions are fearless and frank—never captious. Its news is always impartial. In its pages the working man finds as ready audience as the capitalist. To all commercial and industrial progress, to the best thought and best action in every sphere of human enterprise, it accords a generous and enlightened hospitality. In the columns of THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS justice finds "all seasons Summer."

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JOSHUA BURTON

is at all times prepared to do jobs of

HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS.

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant.

the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Philadelphia Business Houses.

Fine Tailoring At Reasonable prices.

JOHN LEUPOLD & SON,

610 Arch Street, (OPPOSITE ARCH ST. THEATRE,) Philadelphia.

BEST CARPETS AT OFF PRICES.

We have bought from the Best Manufacturers a large lot of Tapestry Brussels at prices much below the cost to make them, and will give you the benefit of a good carpet at an exceedingly low price as long as they last. The patterns are all new and very pretty, and the quality is the best that can be had. Do not fail to see them. The prices are 46c., 50c., 60c., 70c. Our extra heavy quality ingrains at 40c. and 50c., are very handsome.

HOWARD THOMAS & CO.

1206 Market St., Philada.

MODEL COFFEE HOUSE,

27 and 29 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY REPAIRED SINCE THE FIRE, HAS BEEN RE-OPENED Every part of the building has been completely renovated. A cool and pure atmosphere has been secured by a thorough system of Ventilation. Improved Cooking Apparatus has been introduced—the Bill of Fare has been enlarged, and many other improvements adapted to suit the convenience and comfort of its patrons.

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—BRIC-A-BRAC.—

ROBERT NOBLE,

33 S. 15th St. | India Shawls Repaired & Altered. | Philadelphia.

FERGUSON & WESTON,

—OPTICIANS,—

39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

SHOES WILL FIT YOUR FEET AND GIVE YOU COMFORT.

E. PANCOAST, 41 N. Ninth St., Phila.

HARRY O. PROBST,

Photographer,

228 NORTH NINTH STREET,

Philadelphia - - Pa.

J. D. BARDO,

Manufacturer of HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's WIGS and TOUPEES made to order and for hire.

No. 2141 North Front Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' Hair Dressed and Cleansed, Children's Hair Cut. Braids, Curls, etc. made to order. All orders by mail promptly attended to. Sample of hair should accompany each order to duplicate.

HARRY HART,

S. E. Cor. 10th and Fairmount Ave.

PHILADELPHIA.

MONEY TO LOAN

On goods of all descriptions. Large amounts at low rates of interest. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Guns, Revolvers, Musical Instruments, etc. sold at one-third their value. Two minutes' walk from 9th and Green Street depot.

WHITE MOUNTAIN DRY COLD AIR REFRIGERATOR,

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OUTLIVED.

I often hear it spoken now, the name
That once had power my innocent soul to thrill,
To kindle all my face with sudden flame,
And all my heart with secret rapture fill.

I listen calmly to it, wondering
Where vanished they—those old time hopes and fears
That used to blanch my cheek or swiftly bring
Before my sight a blinding mist of tears.

I meet the eyes now, tranquil, unconcerned,
Where once a single frightened glance I stole—
Those eyes that long ago a pathway burned
Into the inner temple of my soul.

I hear the old, familiar voice, unmoved,
Whose faintest tone was music in that day;
No quickened pulse proclaims the voice beloved,
My quiet heart goes steadfast on its way.

No bitterness, no shadow of regret
Comes up to mar my peace with secret doubt;
I would not live the past again, nor yet
Be quite content to have it blotted out.

Wan memory, hovering near the far-off grave
Of our young love, calls back, across the waste,
That all she finds is cold and lifeless, save
The few pale, mourning flowers herself has placed.

Sleep on, thou short lived love; thy grave is deep;
Thy life was bitter, but thy rest is sweet;
Though o'er thy burial place none pause to weep,
It is approached by none save unshod feet.

—Racket.

DEACON VS. PARSON.

The Rev. Josiah Franklin Squinteye had only accepted the pastorate of the Porcupine Hollow charge three months previous to the time of which we write, yet during this time the parson had made a great host of friends—especially is this assertion true so far as the female portion of his flock was concerned.

It is a well established fact that the people of Lamentine Hollow believe and practice the doctrine of marrying and multiplying the inhabitants of Arkansas in the fullest sense of the term, and if a man's wife dies he has another selected to take her place by his fireside before his "late lamented" gets cold, so that accounts for the scarcity of widows and widowers in that region.

As before intimated, the parson was cutting a big swath among the marriageable women of his charge. In some manner the intelligence preceded him that he was a bachelor, and the fair members of his flock formulated a series of resolutions, each in her own mind, to outrival her sisters. Every art known to the feminine mind was brought into requisition, and for two months it would have been extremely difficult to conjecture who would gain the ultimate victory.

After two months had flown by on rapid wings, however, the parson's heart lay at the feet of an unpretentious but lovable damsel, and for the next month his attentions were given to her exclusively. That fact had caused many of the good sisters to grow green with envy, because one of their more modest number had won so much attention from the parson, while they were left at the mercy of the few eligible men in the matrimonial market.

Outside of this there had been nothing to mar the fraternal harmony of the parish, nor had anything of an exciting character happened since the parson's advent. On Saturday evening, however, Deacon Derby sent for the parson to visit his wife, who was then wading out into the chilly waters of death, and she passed over the divide in a few minutes after the arrival of the parson.

The parson tried to console the deacon on the ground that this loss was his wife's gain, and spake in very flattering terms of the departed, to which the deacon replied:

"Ya-as, Sindy wuz er mighty dootiful wife, an' wuz er mos' powerful hard worker, an' only las' week she hoed ther terbacker down in ther bottom field, cut ther sprouts outen the noo groun' corn on ther ridge, t ted er sack er corn ter mill, cleared ther brush offen that air acre lot down thar by ther crick fer er turnip patch, an' made two hundred rails arter doin' ther housewurk, an' yit ye hev' ther gall to say 'at I orter to be consigned an' not complain ner grumble ner nothin', w'en ther haint er womarn in Porcupine Holler 'at 'uld do nigh ther wurk 'at she'd do."

"Oh," said the parson, "I know it would be hard to find her equal, and realize that you will miss her very much, but her lot here was full of labor, and now that she is at rest you should look forward to the time when you will meet again."

"Ya-as, mebbe that air so, but it do 'pear purty rotten bad 'at she hed ter up an' die jes' at ther very busiest part o' the ye'r, an' it'll take nigh fifty pounds o' my las' ye'r terbacker crop ter put 'er erway, an' then thar'll be ther terbacker ter sucker'n worm ergin nex' week, an' I'm ded sartin ter hefter do it myse'f."

"Yes, but grumbling will do no good now, my dear brother, and then your wife was a faithful Christian, and has gone to that blissful clime where the weary are at rest, and therefore we should be glad even in our sorrow for her blessed hope of a bright future."

"That 'pears ter be all ye preacher fellers think erbout, but ye never onct think o' ther expense wat er man is put ter wen his wife draps off. I've had four wives aside Sindy, an' wen they upt an' died I hed ter burry 'em, an' its cost me ernuff ter keep me in terbacker'n licker fer four year ter put 'em erway un'er ther daisies, but es ye say, I guess it's no use ter argy enny longer erbout it. Thar's some nice walnut planks down thar in ther hoss shed 'at I hed sorter sot my mind ter use fer er terbacker box 'at we kin make her coffin outen, an' ef ye'll be erbleegin' ernuff ter ax old Dan Skinner ter come over an' help me make ther coffin I'll be erbleeged ter ye."

"I will do so," said the parson, "but when will the funeral take place?"

"Termorry, o' co's."

The funeral was largely attended, and being the first at which the parson had officiated in the parish he delivered an eloquent oration.

The next day half a dozen men were seated on a log in front of the store, and the conversation naturally drifted to the late bereavement of the deacon, and one finally said:

"Wonder who ther deacon 'll hitch onter next?"

"He tole me wile we wuz makin' ther coffin," said Skinner, "'at he had sot his eye on Lindy Wells."

"Goslimighty," exclaimed Tom Jumper, "thut ther parson's got 'er solid enuff."

"Ther parson hes bin er sottin' ter Lindy shore 'nuff, but I've er mind ter bet er plug er noo prized terbacker 'at ther deacon knocks his eye out 'ith Lindy less'n er week," rejoined Skinner.

"I'll go ye," said Jumper.

"Say, who's that er comin' down yander?" asked one, pointing toward the further side of the little stream.

"It's ther deacon, bedad," said Squire Munger.

"Hello, deacon," said Skinner, as he approached the crowd.

"Kin'er blue terday," said the deacon, taking a chew of long green as he sat down.

"We've jes' bin er talkin' erbout ye."

"Hev, eh?"

"Uh-huh. I feel tarnation sorry fer ye, but I reckon ye'll git married ergin?"

"Ya-as, 'speckt I will, mebbe, but I hain't hed time ter think erbout it much yit."

"Thought ye wuz kin'er thinkin' erbout knockin' ther parson out 'ith Lindy Wells?" said Jumper.

"Wal, I reckon she'd be glad ernuff ter git me, but I hed ter make ther coffin yisterday mornin' an' bury ther ole 'oman in ther evenin', an' it tuck me nigh mos' ther hull day ter straighten erroun' arter that, an' I hain't bin ter see 'er yet, but ef ther squire'll go 'ith me we'll jes' go over'n see 'er, an' hev it done 'ith."

"Look a yander!" exclaimed two or three in a breath.

"Who be it?" asked the deacon, adjusting his glasses.

"I'll be dadgast my gizzard if it hain't ther parson an' Lindy," said Skinner.

"Wal, he's jest nachually got ter stop it er lick me," said the deacon, "an' I'll go over thar ter night an' see w'at she hes ter say erbout it."

The deacon went home, took down his old blue jeans coat, got a pair of trousers to match, which had been pulled too soon by about six inches at the bottom end of the legs, used a piece of bed cord for a suspender, put on his old slouch hat and started for the Wells residence, but Mallindy was not at home. Two evenings after, however, he found her there, and made his wishes known as follows:

"Wal, Lindy, I've hed my eye sot on ye ever sence Sindy died, an' I'm yere ter ax ye ef ye're willin' ter jine me."

"Jine you?" she asked in the most sarcastic and scornful manner she could command.

"Ya-as."

"What do you mean?"

"Ye know wat I mean, well ernuff. I want ye ter be my woman—ter jine me an' live 'ith me—ter be my wife. Do ye un'erstan?"

"Of course I will not!"

"Won't, eh?"

"No."

"W'y?"

"Don't want you!"

"Purty sassy, ye air."

"I can't help that. I don't want you, and will not 'jine' you! Do you understand that?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, good night then," said the girl, as she started to leave the room.

"Say, hold on er minit."

"What do you want?" demanded the girl.

"Doncher think ye'd best change yer mind, gal?"

"No! I shall never change it for you! You had better wait until your last wife gets cold before trying to get another, I think. But I would never marry at all if you were my only chance, and it is useless for you to press your suit any further."

"Ye an' ther parson's gittin' purty dad blamed thick, an' I reckon it's some o' his doin's."

"It makes no difference. You have already killed five wives, and I tell you now that you will never get a chance to kill me, and you had just as well leave, or I will make you."

"Oh, gal, I've got er good hum ter ye, an' ye 'uldn't hev much o' ennything ter do, only sich little chores es cuttin' wood, hoein' corn, suckerin' terbacker, an'"—

"Get out of here, I tell you," shouted the girl, as she made for him with the broom, and he got up and shook the dust of the Wells plantation off his feet.

Returning home he took a short cut through the mountains, and as he passed along the narrow path under the bluff on the river bank he met the parson, who, unconscious that they were rivals, extended his hand to the enraged deacon. But instead of grasping the parson's hand the deacon began to take off his coat, and said: "Say, parson, yer've got me ter whup."

"What in the world is the matter with you, I should like to know?"

"Thar's matter ernuff. I'll whup ye er ye'll whup me, one er tuther."

"Why, man, what have I done to incur your displeasure in such a manner?"

"Done ernuff, an' I'll pitch ye offen ther bank inter the river," and he caught the parson in his arms.

The parson was by far the smaller man, but he decided to stick to the deacon closer than a brother, while the irate deacon commenced backing off toward the bank, and, as he thought, to hurl the little parson into the cooling stream, they both fell over, and the parson seemingly rode down the embankment on the carcass of the deacon.

The water was not very deep, but the parson was the best man of the two in the water, and after dipping the deacon under three times he asked:

"Have you got enough?"

"Naw."

"Then I'll put you under until you do," and he dipped him three times more, and the old fellow yelled:

"'Nuff. Lemme outen yere."

When both were out and standing on the bank the parson said:

"Well, deacon, as the matter is now over I would like to know what I have done to make you treat me in this manner?"

"Wal, ye've did a right smart. First, ye've spiled ther gal I wuz er goin' ter hev fer my nex' wife, an' now she won't jine me."

"Who is it?"

"Lindy Wells."

"I have done nothing of the kind."

"Ye air er liar, an' ye know it! Thar, take ernuther bath," and he made a plunge for the parson, who was standing between him and the water, but the sprightly parson stepped to one side and the deacon went in head first.

"Now," said the parson, "I'll keep you in there until next Sunday if you don't take that back."

"I'll never cutter," said the deacon, but the parson was firm and pushed him off every time he came near the bank, and at last the deacon said:

"Wal, mebbe I wuz er jedgin' ye wrong," and the parson helped him out, and each man went his way home.

A month after that the parson and Mallindy were married, and when the deacon heard of it he said, regretfully:

"It's purty dadgasted hard on er feller w'en his wife's gone an' died jes' w'en he needs er wife ther wust, an' 'speshally w'en ther crop's sufferin'; but w'at I hate ther wust is ter think 'at ther parson preached ther ole oman's funeral w'en she died, an' then sot out an' married ther very gal I hed made up my mind ter marry afore Sindy wuz in 'er coffin."—J. W. Hyder in Times-Democrat.

About a Child's Reading.

I do not think it is very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes or kinds of curiosity about the world, and one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. —Charles Dudley Warner in St. Nicholas.

How Hardtack Is Made.

Not one person in 100,000 knows how the army "hardtack" is made. Let me induct the world into the mystery. You take some flour, a pinch of salt, a little water; mix the three ingredients well, cut the preparation into regulation size and then proceed to bake the same. Time hardens the "tack" and improves it. When it gets to the consistency of granite it is at its best. The hardtack has imprinted on its face the letters B. C., because they were so hard to masticate the boys in the army interpreted the initials to mean that they were made before the birth of Christ.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Insanity There.

Fair Patron—Any new pictures, Mr. Dobbs?

Mr. Dobbs—Only this one, a lot of jolly bachelors—myself among the number—celebrating Christmas eve.

F. P. (pertly)—What will you call it? An evening in a mad house?

Dobbs—On the contrary, I shall call it "A View of the Seine."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Ghastly Discovery.

M. Gorex, a learned physician of Burgos, recently ascertained the fact that the figure on the crucifix in the cathedral at that place is a real human body, in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been in its present position since the beginning of the Eleventh century.—St. Louis Republic.

In his long life of 80 years P. T. Barnum has had a most versatile career. Before becoming a traveling showman he had been successively the proprietor of an oyster saloon, an editor, a bartender, a negro minstrel, a boarding house keeper, dramatic critic, preacher, bank president, author and partner in a clock factory. He finally found his true vocation.

In cold countries like Canada the ears are often forced to grow in an unnatural way by the custom of forcing the caps down over the skull and making the ears stick out. It is only American ears which get frostbitten in Canada. The ears of the natives are inured to excessive cold.

The few clever after dinner speakers in our country have a national reputation for no other reason than because the art is so rare, while the really great theologians, lyceum speakers and political orators are scarcely more than one to every half million of our population.

RAILROAD NICKNAMES.

TERSE NOMENCLATURE OF VARIOUS BIG RAILWAY LINES.

How Titles of Some Well Known Railroads Are Twisted and Abbreviated. Why Some of the Names Are So Applied—The Stove Committee.

A gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind asked Chauncey M. Depew some time ago how many railroad nicknames there were. The New York Central's president blandly replied, "Just as many as you have a mind to make."

"But how many do you know?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, I have heard the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road called 'Paddy Finnigan's Wife and Children,'" said Mr. Depew; "but really, if you want a list of railroad nicknames I should not dare undertake to make one out."

Other well known railroad men were solicited to furnish the desired information, but in each case inability to encompass the subject was pleaded. "I have heard," said one of these gentlemen, "that the nickname 'Nickel Plate' was given to the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad by William H. Vanderbilt when he bought it. He was grumbling at the price he had to pay, and remarked, 'Why, if the infernal road was nickel plated it couldn't cost much more.'"

Failing to obtain all the information desired from the railroad presidents, the inquirer turned his attention to the general managers. In the ranks of those indispensable functionaries was one man who actually became interested in the subject. He said genially, "I cannot tell you much on my own authority, but between ourselves and the 'stove committee' I think we can make up a list."

THE "STOVE COMMITTEE'S" LIST.

The "stove committee," he explained, is the source of all railroad information for which no railroad officer is willing to be directly responsible. There is a "stove committee" connected with every railroad. It keeps watch of things, discusses internal and external policies, criticises the officers of the road, and passes out to the world through devious and untraceable ways "tips" of what is going to happen.

If an unpopular officer or agent of a railroad company is about to be removed or transferred to some post less desirable than the one he has occupied, he generally gets his first information about it from the mysterious "stove committee." A conspicuous illustration of this fact may be cited in the case of Charles Francis Adams, who was deposed from the presidency of the Union Pacific. The news of his prospective fate, which was wafted into the office of The Times from the well posted "stove committee," met with repeated denials from Mr. Adams, but he was finally obliged to admit its correctness.

But to return to the list of railroad nicknames. The "stove committee" conjured up by the genial general manager evolved the following list:

Big Four—The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad.

Nickel Plate—New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

The Soo—Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie.

Pannhandle—Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Queen and Crescent—Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific.

Monon—Louisville, New Albany and Chicago.

Nypano—New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Maple Leaf—Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City.

Clover Leaf—Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Cotton Belt—St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas.

Blue Grass—The Kentucky Central road.

The Sunset—Southern Pacific railway.

The Consolidated—New York, New Haven and Hartford.

Katie—Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

Big Sandy—Elizabethtown, Lexington and Big Sandy.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NAMES.

The above list includes the nicknames most in use. In addition to these there is a very large number of abbreviations of the names of railroads which are a part of the railroad parlance of the day. There is the Central, for the New York Central and Hudson River road; West Shore, for the New York, West Shore and Buffalo; Erie, for New York, Lake Erie and Western; Lackawanna, for Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; Santa Fe, for Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; the Frisco, for St. Louis and San Francisco; R. T., for Richmond and West Point Terminal; Lake Shore, for Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; R. W. O., for Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, and the Plant system for the Savannah, Florida and Western and the Charleston and Savannah roads. There are many others that the "stove committee" could not remember at the moment. The Buffalo and Southwestern, which was at first abbreviated to B. and S. W., is now known locally as "Brandy and Soda Water," and the Buffalo and Jamestown railroad is familiarly spoken of as "The Jimtown."

Most of the nicknames are significant of some peculiar feature or character of the railroad systems to which they are applied. For instance, the "Big Four" is applied to a system formed by the consolidation of four roads—viz., the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago; the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis; the Indianapolis and St. Louis, and the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago line. The Maple Leaf is appropriate because a line drawn around the various points to which the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City runs outlines a maple leaf. The Clover Leaf fits the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City for the same reason.

The Kentucky Central is called the Blue Grass because it runs through the blue grass region. The Queen and Crescent describes the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific, inasmuch as Cincinnati is called the Queen City and New Orleans the Crescent City. The Nypano is simply a condensed abbreviation of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, as N. Y., P. and O. The "Soo" takes its name from the Sault Ste. Marie, and the Monon applies because it is the main junction on the line of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago.—New York Times.

A Quick Business Transaction.

A quick piece of foreign financial transaction was achieved by the Ohio Valley National. A gentleman called early in the afternoon and stated that he wished to pay a bill in Paris of 50,000 francs. A cablegram was sent at 4:30 to the bank's correspondent in Paris, and just after the Ohio had opened the following morning—that is, a few minutes after 9—the sender called and stated that he had received a cablegram announcing that the money had been properly paid.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Recruit for the Chain Gang.

While a gang of men was working on the streets of Omaha a few days ago a gaunt stranger asked the person in charge if he could use another man. An affirmative reply being given, the recruit was set to work, and for two hours swung a broom industriously. He then asked one of his associates if he knew of a good boarding house. "I guess you board where I do," was the answer. "Where is that?" "In the city jail," replied the old hand. To his surprise and anger the stranger learned that he was working in the "chain gang," and that the individual in charge was a police officer.—Omaha Bee.

Jay Gould's Cigars.

Jay Gould smokes the best cigar in the market during business hours. Four cigars a day are his limit, and he usually buys them at the stand in the Windsor hotel. He pays twenty-five cents apiece for them, and if he feels like smoking more he waits until he reaches home, when he partakes of the luxury of a Turkish pipe.

When Mr. Gould was ill Dr. Munn told him he must be temperate in the use of tobacco, and not, under any circumstances, smoke over four cigars a day.—New York World.

Constantly Reminded of His Generosity.

One of the level headed men of the valuation commission is Capt. David H. Ingraham, of Rockland. Every one who knows the captain has noticed that he almost invariably wears a fine silk hat. He was in business in Boston many years, and one day a young man entered his office and wanted to borrow $500 to buy a small hat store. The captain lent it to him, he bought the store, and today he is one of the wealthiest and most prosperous hatters of the Hub. Every fall, as regularly as the season rolls round, Capt. Ingraham receives as a gift from the Boston gentleman a polished silk hat of the finest quality that can be manufactured. Summers, he is the recipient from the same source of a natty kersey hat for hot weather wear.

On another occasion, when the Cigarmakers' Co-operative association was formed in Boston, he loaned a workman $100 to begin business in the association. The cigarmaker prospered, paid up the loan and now he annually presents Capt. Ingraham with a box of the best hand made cigars, rolled by himself. Capt. Ingraham carries a magnificent gold watch and chain which he values far more than for its intrinsic worth. For many years he did business for the late Hon. Joseph R. Bodwell in Boston, handling nearly all the money which was received by the Hallowell Granite company for stone furnished for the New York state house. After the completion of the contract Governor Bodwell met Capt. Ingraham in Boston, pulled the gold watch and chain out and presented it to him. It is a $200 timepiece, and the recipient says he would not part with it for $1,000.—Cor. Lewiston Journal.

Value of Reason with a Child.

In hopes of convincing some of my readers of the practicability of the no punishment method, I will tell an anecdote of a certain child.

A vivid recollection of having been vaccinated when she was more than a year old instead of in early infancy had given her a dread of doctors. She had a sore throat. The doctor was sent for. He came at bedtime (always a somewhat difficult hour for a child). She refused to open her mouth to let him insert a spoon and examine the throat, and on being urged she cried violently. It was necessary to have the throat examined, and the child was firmly but gently held, and the mouth gently forced open. The examination was successfully performed, but the poor little creature was in an agony of distress and temper.

Then the mother, without a word of reproach, took her in her arms, and kissed and loved her and soothed her to sleep. The next morning it was carefully explained to her how foolishly she had behaved, and how necessary it was that the doctor should examine her throat. She said very gravely, "The next time I will not make any trouble." Her statement was of course received with a certain secret incredulity, but outwardly with confidence. When the doctor came that afternoon she bravely walked up to him, and opening her mouth allowed him to insert the spoon, with no sign of rebellion but a heightened color in the cheeks.—Harper's Bazar.

What Lupus Is.

Lupus vulgaris, of which we are now hearing so much, is an extremely chronic disease of the skin, attacking persons between the ages of 2 and 15. It is characterized by the appearance of reddish brown nodules of granulation tissue upon the skin, usually of the face. The mucous membranes are rarely affected. The nodules start in the corium, but penetrate the connective tissue beneath and the papillary layer above. The disease spreads by the formation of fresh nodules at the periphery of the original lesion. New centers form and the old ones may gradually disappear. If the tissue breaks down an open sore is found, covered with yellowish and brownish crusts. Unlike ordinary tubercle, the lupus nodules are rather vascular.

Tubercle bacilli are found in the tissue, but they are very infrequent, and often many examinations are required to detect them. Inoculation of lupus nodules will, it is asserted, cause tuberculosis in rabbits and guinea pigs, but inoculation of the skin with tubercle will not produce lupus. For this and other reasons so distinguished an authority as Kaposi denies that lupus is a cutaneous tuberculosis, although that view is held positively by Koch and his pupils. Lupus, chronic as it is in its tendencies, often disappears for a time under treatment, only to reappear later. Dermatologists generally give a favorable prognosis, provided treatment is persisted in.—Medical Record.

How Dolls' Heads Are Made.

"I wonder whether my little girl and other little girls know how Santa Claus makes the beautiful dolls he brings them?" said a down town manufacturer of children's novelties. "The making of a wax doll is quite a long process. The legs are filled out with moss and sawdust. So are the arms and body. The head is more difficult to make. First comes the molding from a whity brown paste. The head is molded in halves—the back and the front—and then the two parts are joined together by the same sort of paste.

"Heads are made by the thousand of all shapes and sizes and left for the moment unpolished. Then they are dipped into boiling wax. After this the head is provided with a pair of eyes. Sometimes Santa Claus does not select two eyes exactly alike. Then comes the eyelashes and the hair. Santa Claus always makes up his dolls' hair in the newest fashion. Sometimes he puts teeth into the mouth. When the head is finished he easily astens on the rest of the body."—New York Telegram.

Shoemaking as a Trade.

The shoemaker who takes an apprentice binds him for at least three years, and some of them for four or five. In most cases the apprentice is expected to board with his employer. His first year's pay will be anywhere from $25 to $50, as may be agreed upon. A journeyman gets all the way from $7 to $12 per week. The average is not over $10. It is not a good trade to learn. Except in small towns there is little or no use for a shoemaker in these days, as machinery has knocked him out. Most shoe stores keep a cobbler, and now and then an extra good shoemaker can build up and hold a line of custom, but it is a trade, taken altogether, which is growing worse every year. The only unhealthy thing about it is the confinement to the shop.—Detroit Free Press.

A Millionaire's Remark.

Henry W. Sage, the great lumber merchant, once said to a reporter: "I am considered a millionaire [he is a ten millionaire, by the way]. I don't know what I am worth, but I do know that if I could find in all the world fifty men who would work for me with the enthusiasm, persistence and sagacity with which you men work for your papers I would be worth ten times as much as is to my credit today."—New York Sun.

How the Ruff Was Started.

Monarchs have the same maladies as common people. Queen Anne, wife of James I, had a wen on her neck. Red flannel wasn't good enough for her, so she invented a collar to conceal the disagreeable lump. Thus the ruff was started on its glad career. The history of the ruff alone from this point would fill a volume.—Cloak and Suit Review.

Firemen's Superstitions.

Firemen are peculiarly subject to notions. The untimely sounds of musical instruments, the uncanny influence of three white horses passing the engine house in succession, or the baneful effects of two or more gentlemen entering the house, all wearing stovepipe hats, at the same time, have been noted. Said a Washington fireman to a reporter:

"When you came in here one day with that stovepipe on and asked me if the captain was upstairs, I was talking to a downtown fireman who had a 'day off.' He ly have an alarm. You hadn't left the captain an hour before we were hard at work at a fire. There is something very strange about this. There certainly seems to be something in it. Don't you think so?"—Washington Star.

Miscellaneous

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